The Outlook

NOVEMBER 24, 1915

Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

THE STORY OF THE WAR: THE ANCONA OUTRAGE

A full week after the destruction of the Ancona, newspaper despatches from Washington announced that our State Department had "taken action." This so-called "action" consisted in asking for full information from Austria and from our Ambassador at Vienna. One would think that the official statement of the Austrian Government in itself contained information sufficient for something more than this. This statement from the Austro-Hungarian Admiralty, while it made the claim that the Ancona attempted to escape after a warning shot had been fired and denied the report that the submarine had fired on the lifeboats, admitted that the ship was torpedoed after only forty-five minutes had been allowed the passengers and crew to abandon the ship, and attempted to place the blame on the crew because all the ship's boats were not lowered within the limited time, adding the excuse, which is really a confession, that the submarine torpedoed the Ancona because she saw another steamer approaching. On the face of it, this account is a confession of an infamous violation of international law, and, what is much worse, a violation of the primary law of humanity.

No American should be deceived, by the talk about the technical right of a war-vessel to stop a vessel trying to escape, into supposing that this rule ever justifies the deliberate killing of non-combatants. There is no *penalty* prescribed by international law for an attempt to escape; there is merely a right to prevent the escape; after a vessel has stopped or is stopping, the non-combatant crew and passengers should be as safe as if they were on land; to kill them is as if a captain of infantry on shore had halted a group of villagers, and, because they had not instantly stopped, should proceed to slaughter them. It should be remembered also that the captain of the Ancona, who is certainly as unprejudiced a witness as the captain of the submarine, declares that he stopped when summoned, and that at least one American on board, Dr. Cecile Greil, declares unreservedly also that the Ancona was fired upon without warning. The Austrian report may also be compared with that from Rome, in which the Italian Government officially asserts that the Ancona was fired upon without previous warning or a blank shot, and that the submarine "fired without respite at the wireless apparatus, the decks, and even at the boats in which passengers were attempting to escape," adding that many of these were killed or wounded, and some who approached the submarine were driven off with jeers.

The estimate of the dead is, as we write, placed at about two hundred, and the stories told by survivors are horrifying in the accounts of the slaughter of helpless men, women, and children. It is said by some authorities that the submarine which committed this atrocious deed, though Austrian as to its commission, either came from Germany or was made for Austria in German works and sent to Austria in parts. There seems to be no doubt that some Americans perished, and even if this prove to be incorrect it may be pointed out that our protest against this kind of submarine warfare declared it a serious offense even to jeopardize the lives of Americans in this way. The London "Times" rightly says: "In all respects the deed is as indefensible as the sinking of the Lusitania."

CRIMINAL PLOTS IN THE UNITED STATES

It is impossible to doubt the constantly increasing evidence that systematic and organized criminal plots exist in the United States for the destruction of munition factories and of vessels leaving this port with munitions of war. The letters which led to the recall of Ambassador Dumba alone show that such schemes were under way. The arrest of the man who calls himself Lieutenant Fay, his extraordinary original confession of being a German agent for this purpose, and his subsequent offer to plead guilty and with-

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drawal of that offer afford another indication. The third came last week in the statement of Dr. Joseph Goricar, who was long connected with the Austrian consular service. He has now offered to submit proofs of German and Austrian activities and of an elaborate system of spies, which he asserts reaches up to men standing high in the German and Austrian diplomatic service in this country. Add to these things the numerous fires in munition plants, some of which may have been from other causes, but many of which were certainly incendiary, the fires which have broken out on board ships carrying war munitions and in freight yards, and other facts which are coming to light from day to day, and it must be admitted that the case is not one of suspicion merely.

Our Government is tardily organizing an adequate detective service to deal with this matter, under the directorship of the Chief of the United States Secret Service, William J. Flynn. It has also asked the Attorney-General to state the effect of the laws dealing with these subjects and to recommend additional legislation if, as it seems to be, it is needed. The Attorney-General has indicated, we learn, that he will recommend the amendment of the anti-trust laws. About the only statutes, it is said, which have been successfully invoked are those aimed at the transportation in inter-State commerce of unmarked explosives.

The very nature of spying and plotting is tortuous, and all these acts are more or less covered by a cloud of lies and false statements. It would be a very mild assertion, however, to say that where there is so much smoke there must be some fire; in point of fact, there is a good deal of fire now perfectly evident.

ON THE FIGHTING LINE

For the Allies the military situation in the Balkans is critical in the extreme. It seems more than doubtful whether the main Servian army, driven south by the German advance and westward by the Bulgarian advance, can escape around the western flank of the Bulgarian army, and thus join the forces of the French and British in the southern part of Servia, once Macedonia. Babuna Pass is no longer tenable, and Monastir is in danger. All agree that the Servians have fought heroically. A Russian diplomat who has seen the campaign close at hand says: "The morale of the Servians is splendid. Half-trained recruits march to battle singing like veterans. Their aged King Peter is fighting in the trenches, clad in the uniform of a private. He seeks death, saying, 'When I am killed, you can flee or surrender.'"

Meanwhile there is some anxiety even about the position of the French and British forces which were sent north from Salonika and have been fighting in the neighborhood of Strumitza. So far they have maintained a bold front against the Bulgarians operating in that vicinity, and there appear to have been gains on both sides. The French in at least one engagement are reported to have put the Bulgarians to rout on the Cerna River. It is evident that the forces of the Allies must be largely reinforced if they are to meet adequately the combined armies which will soon be opposed to them. Just how many troops the Allies now have in Greece and Servia is doubtful. A German estimate puts the number at about 200,000. It is rumored that Italy will send a large additional force, estimated by some authorities at 150,000.

The dissolution of the Greek Parliament by the King and the mobilizing of still more Greek soldiers are thought to be another indication of German influence. An election is to take place in Greece on December 19, and the King evidently hopes for a reversal of the former verdict of the people in favor of Venizelos. On the other hand, Greece has announced that if Servian forces are driven south into Greece it will treat them with the same indulgence accorded to the forces of the Allies in Greece, which seems to mean that they will be allowed to retreat to the sea if necessary.

Lord Kitchener was reported on November 17 to have arrived at Mudros, on the island of Lemnos, situated between Salonika and the Dardanelles, and it is thought that he will use every effort to place the situation in the Balkans in a more favorable condition for the Allies, and then very probably proceed to Egypt to organize defenses against a possible attack on the Suez Canal.

In London the interest of the week centers largely around the resignation from the Cabinet of Winston Spencer Churchill, formerly First Lord of the Admiralty, and his defense of the charges made against him for responsibility in sending an insufficient force too late to the relief of Antwerp and for the alleged reckless undertaking of the Dardanelles

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attack. Mr. Churchill declared that others as well as himself were responsible in these matters, and vehemently asserted that, although unsuccessful, the attempts were justified, and, especially in the Dardanelles case, did actually accomplish a great deal of good.

THE INSPIRATION IN EDITH CAVELL'S DEATH

The portrait of Edith Cavell printed on another page is that of a woman of loyalty and sincerity. It is not that of a spy, nor was the charge against her that of acting as a spy; her offense was that of helping war prisoners to escape, a womanly and patriotic deed, punishable under the laws of war, but absolutely different in nature from the offenses of the two German woman spies executed in France. The effect of Miss Cavell's death on England and France was deep and serious. Frederick Palmer, most moderate and fair-minded of correspondents, on his return to America the other day, remarked that in England Miss Cavell's execution did more for recruiting than all the Zeppelin raids, and then added these touching and impressive sentences:

> I happened to be with the French when the news of her death was received. Its effect on the troops was instant, electric. The woman's sacrifice had a Joan of Arc character that struck home to the French heart. Officers spoke of it as an event that had done more to cement the alliance of France and England to fight to the last man than all the speeches of statesmen and conferences of generals. Miss Cavell's picture, taken from the newspapers, is pinned on cottage walls all over France.
>
> Deep as the impression was on the civil populations of both England and France, it was slight beside that made on the soldiers. I returned from the French to the British front the day after the news, so I was able to judge the effect on both the British and French army. The thought that went home was the fact that Miss Cavell was a nurse. Men who have been wounded know what a nurse's care means. That a nurse under any circumstances should be shot was an unspeakable horror to them. British soldiers now say, "For Miss Cavell!" when they charge.

MAHANISM AND MOLTKEISM

As is well known, the late Admiral Mahan was a foremost protagonist in defense of the theory that sea power has a supreme influence on the course of history. In the furtherance of this idea Admiral Mahan wrote several books. The first of these, entitled "The Influence of Sea Power upon History," so much impressed the German Emperor, William II, that he ordered a very large number of copies to be distributed among the German military and naval officials. Admiral Mahan's views were confirmed by other authorities and have, we think, been accepted as final by most students of history.

As the course of the present war is an additional proof of the force of Admiral Mahan's contention, because of the power of the British navy, the Germans are now turning from their disappointment in sea warfare to self-gratulation because of their successes and expectations in land warfare. This is shown in an editorial in the latest number of the "Berliner Tageblatt" to reach us.

The "Tageblatt" is popularly reputed to be the organ of the Imperial Chancellor, Dr. von Bethmann Hollweg. Speaking of the German failure to reach Calais, it asserts that the most feasible way to attack England is not by way of Calais. "Our strength, like the strength of our allies [that is to say, Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria]," says the "Tageblatt," "is in land power. We must give the decisive thrust in another direction [than by sea power], and, although the way to it is long and wearisome, the principal thing to remember is that we *are* finally on that way; that is to say, on the way to Constantinople and the Dardanelles. We have already overcome the first hindrances."

As the "Tageblatt" admits:

> For decades Germans . . . have been convinced of the justice of the doctrine of the decisive influence of sea power on the course of history. We remember what a rôle the American admiral's book played in connection with the creation of the German navy. One had to believe in his doctrine, and for a while the Germans seemed to wish to forget their position as the first land power in the world.
>
> Now the dogma is being tried by fire. Mahan or Moltke, that is now the question. Are certain land powers like Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey, and Bulgaria to be at the disposition of England . . . because England has been ruling the sea, or are these land powers strong enough to fight for freedom and room for their future development even against the sea powers? . . . That is the question which may not shortly be decided between the Dardanelles and the Danube. But the decision should be brought nearer.

Thus the comparative efficiency of Democracy and Autocracy is not the only great

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issue at stake in the European war; the comparative merits in warfare of land power and sea power are also being tested.

VAGARIES OF THE RUSSIAN CENSORSHIP

The English newspapers have been full of humorous as well as irritable protests against the work of some of the English military censors. Quotations from Kipling, Browning, Ruskin, and other well-known English writers have been mutilated by the censor when they were embodied in the newspaper articles of war correspondents, for reasons which to the ordinary mind seem wholly unintelligible. George Kennan tells a story of a Russian censor who would not permit a Russian novel to be published with the title "A Slave of Passion" (at a period when Russian serfdom was a subject of lively political controversy), on the ground that there were no slaves in Russia, not even slaves of passion! The poor author had therefore to invent some other title for his otherwise innocuous story.

The curious rigidity of the Russian military and political censor is illustrated in our picture section this week. In The Outlook for September 1 there was printed an unusually interesting article on the Russian army. It was written by a conscripted graduate of a Russian university, and a comment was added by George Kennan. The title of the article was printed on the cover of the issue. The authorities at Petrograd recently returned to this office three copies of The Outlook containing this article which had been mailed to Warsaw. The title of the Russian article on the cover had been "blacked out" by the censor, as our illustration shows. A line announcing it in the inside table of contents had also been "blacked out," and the article itself had been painstakingly cut out of the issue by the use of a knife or scissors. After all this work had been done the Russian Post-Office officials found that they could not send the papers to Warsaw on account of war conditions, and the three papers were returned in their original wrappers to the Outlook office.

The question naturally arises whether it would not have contributed to the economic efficiency of Russia if the censored copies had been thrown into the waste-basket instead of being laboriously returned by the Russian Post-Office to the office of publication.

FREE SPEECH IN PATERSON

"You may have the right, but we have the power," wittily retorted the Chief of Police of Paterson, New Jersey, last month as he hustled Elizabeth Gurley Flynn from a public meeting and put her onto a train going back to New York City.

They had the power again recently, when Miss Flynn, accompanied by a score of New York women, returned to a hall previously hired for a protest meeting on the violation of the rights of assemblage and free speech.

On the steps, as they attempted to enter, stood a large, stout man, without badge or uniform, who said he was a police captain and had orders to prevent Miss Flynn (or any other I. W. W. leader) from going in. No, he wouldn't arrest her—not even if she wanted him to. His orders "was to keep her out of the hall." He "wasn't there to argue." But "the people of Paterson don't want to hear Miss Flynn speak," and they "ain't a-goin' to, either," said their stout protector, firmly. "No, I don't know anythin' about free speech; we have legal speech in Paterson," he explained, as he settled himself more solidly before the small Irish girl of whose power Paterson authorities thought so highly.

"Legal speech!" shrilled a dozen excited women grouped around Miss Flynn. "What's that? Who's to tell what's legal for Paterson? What'll you do if we try to take her in by force?"

"Aw! what's the use, ladies?" said the stout man, persuasively. "Please don't try to start anything; it would be mighty unpleasant."

The trouble came as an aftermath of the big silk strike in Paterson in 1913. Since then the police and local authorities have determined to prevent another by forbidding organizers of the Industrial Workers of the World to speak to the mill operatives. As they frankly admit, they are acting illegally; the orders are to make no arrests—simply to pick up the offending parties and forthwith bundle them onto an outgoing train.

Elizabeth Flynn is a little woman, the best known, presumably the worst feared, of radical labor leaders, and one whose friends outside of the organization are many. Her abortive attempt to speak last week grew out of the indignation of these friends, many of

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whom, like Mrs. J. Sergeant Cram, Mrs. Amos Pinchot, Mrs. Robert Bruère, Mary Austin, Mary Heaton Vorse, Mary Chamberlain, and Mrs. Edwin Bjorkman, are far from the class of professional agitators or identified with any labor movement. They said they thought it unlikely that Miss Flynn, who that day had been received by the President of the United States on another matter, would be forbidden her Constitutional rights of assemblage and free speech. They were to find that "What's the Constitution among friends?" still holds in Paterson.

While the burly captain and the little labor leader were confronting each other on the steps of the hall—a strategical position they occupied for nearly two hours—inside the meeting waxed warm, then heated, and finally boiled over with indignation. An audience of more than two thousand working people applauded vociferously every time one of the women on the platform denounced the "reception committee" outside who were "entertaining our guest of the evening so thoroughly that she is unable to be with us here."

A resolution appealing to President Wilson was passed with a cheer, and a rising vote of thanks given to the "women of New York for coming to the help of their brothers and sisters in Paterson." Verbal fireworks and artillery were constant. So excited did the good ladies in charge become that they allowed the meeting to close in a burst of oratory before any one remembered that no collection had been taken to go toward the fund necessary to procure an injunction against the corpulent police of Paterson. "We've got to win this fight," declared one public school teacher, "or I'll never have the face to teach American history again;" and another, a noted psychologist and writer, said that she would immediately begin an inquiry into "The Influence of Fear on the Minds of Municipal Authorities."

The account given above was written for The Outlook by an eye-witness of the incident described. A most effective way of endangering law, order, and the rights of property is for the defenders of those rights to adopt illegal and unjust methods towards their opponents. The case of Russia proves that the practical anarchy indulged in by Government officials is far worse for a country than the theoretical anarchy of radical propagandists.

IS ANOTHER COAL WAR POSSIBLE?

The present working agreement between the coal miners and coal operators of the anthracite region in Pennsylvania expires on the 1st of April next. Both the labor organizations and the employers anticipate a controversy at that time which may develop, unless it is properly handled, into a serious physical conflict. The coal operators are convinced by their experience in 1902 that public opinion is a potent factor in labor controversies and that the public can form a right opinion only when all facts are presented to it. With this principle in view, the anthracite operators recently conducted a party of representative newspaper men from New York, Boston, and Philadelphia on a three days' inspection trip through the anthracite region, which extends from Scranton to Pottsville, Pennsylvania.

The party saw the cities, towns, villages, and hamlets engaged in the industry, visited the collieries, went down mines, investigated housing conditions, inspected schools, talked with laborers and employers, and, in a word, obtained an illuminating bird's-eye view of the physical, economic, and human conditions prevailing in the region. There was no attempt made to either advocate or oppose any economic or sociological questions in controversy. The visitors were simply enabled to see conditions freely as they now exist.

The demands of the men and the reply of the owners have not yet been published, but they will be shortly, and The Outlook will at that time have something to say about the points in dispute. It may now be said that during the last five years great improvements have been made by the operators in the physical working and living conditions of the men. There is a general and striking movement in the direction of better housing, night schools, apprentice schools, the substitution of modern machinery for laborious hand work, the improvement of villages, the beautifying of colliery grounds, and the development of "first aid" and "safety first" work among the miners. The new industrial spirit of what may be called humanitarian efficiency, which has grown so remarkably throughout the United States during the last ten years, has had nowhere a more rapid and prominent development than among the coal operators of the anthracite region. If, when the question of a new agreement comes up next spring,

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the labor unions display a similar liberal spirit, the consumers may hope for a peaceful settlement of the questions at issue.

JUDGE LINDSEY EXPLAINS

In the issue of The Outlook for August 11 and again in the issue for August 25 we discussed at some length the action of Judge Lindsey in refusing to testify in the Wright murder case in Denver. Judge Lindsey, it will be remembered, was asked to testify because the prosecuting attorney hoped through him to impeach the testimony of the twelve-year-old son of Mrs. Wright, the defendant. Judge Lindsey refused to testify, on the ground that such communication as he had had with the boy was confidential, and that the information in his possession had been secured with the understanding that it would not be used against the boy in court. For refusing to testify on these grounds Judge Lindsey was held in contempt by the trial Judge.

We have received from Judge Lindsey a letter commenting upon The Outlook's report of the trial. In this letter Judge Lindsey says:

In the comments on the case there occurs this passage in reference to a conversation I had with Mr. John A. Rush, the District Attorney:

"The District Attorney then left, promising not to call the Judge as a witness unless he was willing to testify, but immediately went to the Court and issued process commanding Judge Lindsey to appear as a witness."

Mr. Rush and myself did not return from our summer vacations until September. I only saw Mr. Rush recently, when he called my attention to this passage and insisted that it did him an injustice in its inference that he violated an agreement with me in calling me as a witness.

I gladly went over the conversation again with Mr. Rush, and I can understand now how there was a chance for an honest confusion and difference of opinion as to what the agreement was. I did understand at the time that the District Attorney wasn't to insist upon my testifying unless, after a conference with him and the district Judge, they could convince me that it was legal and proper that I should testify. I can see now, however, that Mr. Rush had a different understanding from the conversation, as he has explained it to me, and I am sure did not intentionally mean to violate any agreement. Of course I claimed from the first that the communication was privileged and I refused to be a witness. But Mr. Rush, I am sure, honestly felt that from the standpoint of his duty as a prosecutor he should insist upon my testimony if he could legally secure it by such means as, in his judgment as a public prosecutor, the law would seem to direct. There was nothing personal in it so far as he was concerned. Indeed, he did not conduct the prosecution of the case against me for contempt of court. On his own motion it was turned over to a special prosecutor.

Mr. Rush and I have been personal friends for many years—especially in the political struggles in Colorado. I am very glad to make it clear that no charge of violating an agreement or reflection upon him is intended, and, if so, it was unintentional, and was an injustice to him that I am sure The Outlook will be as glad and willing as myself to take this means of correcting.

BEN B. LINDSEY.
Juvenile Court, Denver, Colorado.

We are glad to give this space to Judge Lindsey's interpretation of the events which preceded his trial.

HOW THE CASE NOW STANDS

Judge Perry, before whom the trial was held, has now handed down his decision, a decision which of course will later have to stand the test of the Supreme Court of Colorado. Judge Perry's opinion cannot be criticised on the score of verbosity. Here it is entire:

I find the respondent, Judge Ben Lindsey, guilty of willful, deliberate, and gross contempt of this Court, and fine him $500 and costs of this action.

Before the passing of this sentence Judge Lindsey again voiced his position before the Court, a position with which The Outlook is in hearty sympathy. He said:

I have felt all along in this matter, as I now feel, that the confidence reposed in me by Neal Wright, the witness for his mother, was sacred, and that its incidents could not be divulged by me. Because of these confidences I can cite to your Honor many instances whereby this Court has been effective in the apprehension of criminals and meted out exact justice. Only a short time ago a young man came into my Court and stated that if his communication could be considered confidential by me he would give me some information, and, when I told him that it would be so considered, he gave me facts and circumstances that we have every reason to believe will result in the apprehension and conviction of a band of criminals who would inflict untold injury should they remain at large.

I only mention this to your Honor to give you to understand the importance of work of the Juvenile Court as I view it as an effectual means in the suppression of crime.

Judge Perry has granted thirty days in which Judge Lindsey may file a bill of exceptions. The outcome of the case when it

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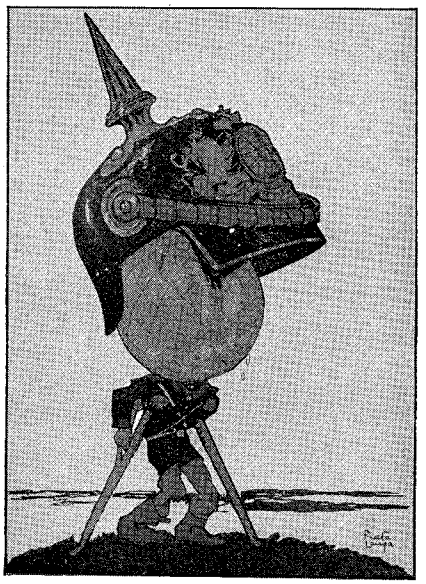
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

From L'Asino (Rome)



THE PAN-GERMAN MISTAKE
The World: "The unfortunate thing is that the German helmet is too big for me!"

ITALY'S VIEW OF GERMAN MILITARISTIC EGOISM

From Simplicissimus (Munich)

ON THE WESTERN FRONT
The latest struggle

THE WESTERN DEADLOCK AS SEEN IN GERMANY

From Punch (London)

"By Jove! Isn't it low? I believe I could hit it with my gun!"
"Oh, please, dear, don't do anything to irritate it!"

THE ZEPPELIN

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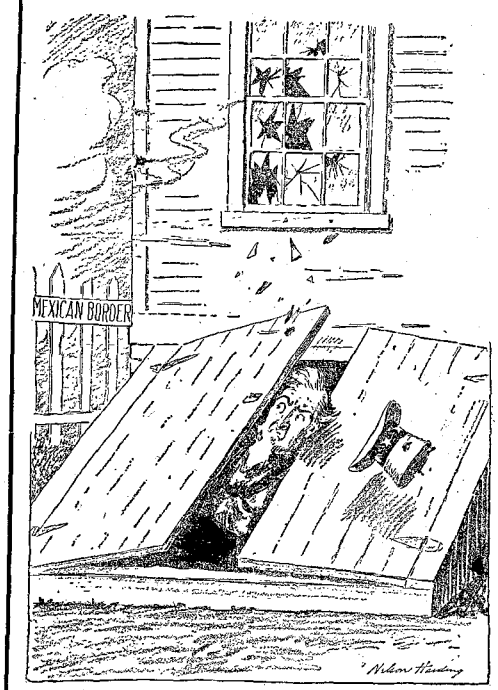
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



OUR ATTITUDE ON THE BORDER

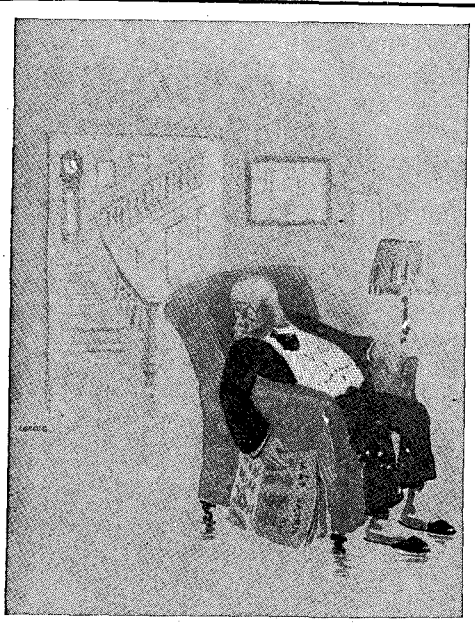
UNCLE SAM KEEPS BEHIND THE CELLAR DOOR!

Robert Carter in the New York Evening Sun

AT IT AGAIN!

THE ANCONA OUTRAGE

From the Harvard Lampoon



Proverbial Absent-Minded Professor: "Goodness! That clock needs fixing. It just struck one, four times!"

From Harper's Magazine

"How many dogs have you, little boy?"
"Cornelius, count the dog fer the gentleman."

HUMOR IN NUMBERS

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reaches the Supreme Court of Colorado will be waited for with interest and concern by all those who believe in the necessity for the continued development of Juvenile Court work in the United States.

THE WESTERN CONFERENCE AND AMATEUR ATHLETICS

The undergraduates of universities comprising the Western Intercollegiate Conference are apparently of the opinion that the bar between professional and amateur college athletes should be lowered. An election, held simultaneously in the institutions, returned a majority of seven to one against the summer baseball ruling.

By the ruling of the Conference, an athlete who has represented any professional or semi-professional athletic organization, either during vacation or during the University season, has been ineligible to participate in intercollegiate games. In the administration of the rule it has been expressly understood that "a semi-professional team is one, any member of which receives a remuneration."

It was apparently from the belief that this rule was unjust, rather than from a desire to exploit the professional athlete, that the students voted for its abandonment. A desire to rid the Conference of repeated eligibility contests also had weight in the final vote.

The election was precipitated by an action of the Senate of the University of Illinois, a body composed of all instructional officers of full professorial rank. This body voted "to instruct the university representative . . . that eligibility qualifications . . . should be limited to the one-year residence rule and the scholarship requirement."

The total vote of the undergraduate bodies in the Universities of Minnesota, Illinois, Wisconsin, Ohio, Chicago, Indiana, and Iowa was 4,474 in favor of and 627 against the adoption of this proposition. Northwestern University and Purdue University did not think it worth while even to vote, because their athletic associations believed sentiment to be unanimously opposed to the present rule.

Should the Conference obey the voice of the undergraduates, as emphatically expressed in this vote, and limit eligibility requirements to those suggested, the result is not regarded in the West as endangering the amateur status of university athletics. Undergraduates appear to believe that the actual amateur standing of the men who compose the teams will not be changed. They argue that the same men will play, but without perjuring themselves to pass the present requirements. Professional athletes, they believe, will not compete because of the scholarship requirements, and because no university will be able to pay for their services.

Director George Huff, of the University of Illinois, points to the Illinois Intercollegiate Athletic Association (a conference of minor colleges of the State) and to conferences of small colleges in New York and Maine.

"In each of these conferences," he says, "the rule has been rescinded, and the results have been good. The removal of the rule has taken away the unhealthy atmosphere which must always follow constant eligibility fights, and avoids a chance of athletes perjuring themselves to become amateurs. The Western Intercollegiate Conference is tired of this atmosphere. We are willing to give the other system a trial. Remove the rule, give us enough time to adjust ourselves to the new condition, and, if the experience of smaller conferences is repeated, a more wholesome athletic atmosphere will be gained, and the actual amateur standing of college athletes will not be changed."

SUMMER BASEBALL

To solve the question of professionalism by suggesting (as the students in the colleges of the Western Conference have apparently done) that the question be dropped seems to us no solution at all. Emphatically some other form of regulation is needed besides that supplied by scholastic standing. On the other hand, such a vote as that of the undergraduates of the Western Conference shows clearly the need of revising the present method of control in order to harmonize the rules and public sentiment.

A college graduate who has played both amateur and professional ball writes:

> The evils resulting from the present operation of the rules seems to me even greater than the harm from professionalism. It is uncomfortable for a committee to enforce an unpopular rule; it injures a player to disbar himself by breaking a rule he did not understand or which he knew was not supported by his friends. It is regrettable to see college spies spotting stars of opposing teams. The resulting misunderstandings are not soon forgotten, while all regret the periodical reports of the methods adopted to defeat these regulations.

For the solution of this problem this correspondent, Mr. J. F. Kane, suggests, first,

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the calling of a council of the colleges to determine some action definitely acceptable to all. More, however, than the promulgation of a new set of rules forbidding summer ball is needed, declares Mr. Kane, and he goes on to say:

Athletic committees should realize that men who have practiced daily through the spring and by strenuous efforts have perfected their ability desire very earnestly to play during the summer the game which they have studied during the spring. Summer is the logical time for the baseball man to play. Part of a committee's work, perhaps the principal part, should be to reach an understanding with each player and tell him *where* he may play. If all summer teams were authoritatively divided into professional, semi-professional, amateur associations, camp, local, club teams, and others, it would be possible to decide which types are open to college men.

Concerning the out-and-out professional team there can hardly be any question as to the position which the college authorities should assume. There are certain camp teams and summer leagues, however, in which Mr. Kane believes that college athletes could be permitted to play without detriment to their amateur status.

Camp teams, in particular, offer ball-players who are also good students excellent opportunity to enjoy the game during the summer. The remuneration which a college athlete receives as a camp councilor is earned, since he acts in the capacity of teacher, athletic instructor, and big brother to the boys. A definite announcement by a responsible athletic committee would easily convince all that no undergraduate could become any less an amateur after a season at camp.

Whether Mr. Kane is right in this last contention or not, no one can deny the fact that the development of a positive rather than a negative code of athletic morals would mark a tremendous step forward in the direction of cleaner athletics. When the colleges have united upon some common action in regard to the eligibility of their players, specific rulings as to where and when students can play would make much of the present confusion a thing of the past.

AN AMERICAN COMPLAINS

The following is a quotation from a somewhat long circular issued by the State University of Wisconsin which has come to us in a letter signed with a name which indicates the German ancestry of the writer:

"*Da die Anmeldungen für den am 4th November begingenden Dairy Course täglich einlaufen, so möchten wir all diejenigen ersuchen welche an denselben Teil zunehmen wünschen, Ihre Namen einzusenden. . . .*

"*Wer sich für diesen Kurs interessirt schreibe an Prof. E. H. Farrington, Madison, Wisconsin, für nähere Auskunft.*"

The circular is German; the letter is American. We commend the views of the writer of this letter to our readers and to the judgment of the authorities of the University of Wisconsin. The writer asks:

"Why should a State institution send out announcements in a foreign language? The writer is foreign born, and is one of the minority, it seems, to whom the taking out of citizens' papers meant something. At least it took me nine years' stay in *our* country to make up my mind both to swear off and swear on.

"Language means a great deal in the life of a *nation*. Why may we not demand that our State institutions be jealous of it? If men have to be solicited in a foreign language to take a course in butter or cheese-making at a university because they cannot read any other language, what good will the course in English do them? If it were a case of a course for thousands of immigrants it would be different; but this course is meant for men who take charge of creameries and cheese factories, and is attended by about one hundred and fifty students a year.

"You 'born' citizens are very liberal, very long-suffering, and very hospitable to the rest of us. I suppose that is why we who came here because we wanted to better our conditions and who have a little spark of manhood and decency love (big word but true) *our* country fervently and prayerfully and feel most keenly any act that in any way tends to obscure that which, especially at this time, should be very clear-cut: our country, our Nation, our people, our Government."

That a man cannot serve two masters has been recognized for some time. The writer of the foregoing letter acknowledges the truth of this in his statement concerning the carefulness with which he weighed the thought of assuming the duties and responsibilities—as well as the privileges—of American citizenship. Contrary to his own view, we

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believe that in this respect he is typical of the great majority of those who are American by adoption—a great majority which has suffered much from a less thoughtful but more vociferous minority of alien-hearted immigrants.

DR. EDWARD L. TRUDEAU

A remarkably romantic and heroic career was brought to an end last week in the death of Dr. Edward L. Trudeau at Saranac Lake, New York. Literally thousands of American men and women have good reason to call his name blessed, for he was a pioneer and a great leader in the warfare against tuberculosis, the ravaging disease whose terrors he did so much to minimize.

Dr. Trudeau was born in New York City in 1848, of French descent, and had his boyhood education in Paris, so that when he returned to New York at the age of eighteen he spoke English with some difficulty. He was educated at Columbia and at the College of Physicians and Surgeons and entered upon the practice of his profession with a promising career open before him in the city of New York. At the age of twenty-six he was stricken with tuberculosis of the lungs, or, as it was then generally called, consumption. He went into the Adirondack Mountains literally to die, for the best medical advice gave him but six months of life. Recovering some of his strength through careful living and nursing, he began to study his own malady.

What appeared to be the end of his career was really the beginning of it, for he lived in the Adirondacks for more than forty years, and developed, with laboratory study and with the most careful practice, the outdoor treatment of tuberculosis which has since become the standard of the world. He proved in his own case and in that of hundreds of his patients that a man or woman crippled by tuberculosis can still do effective, useful, and happy work in the world. Patients flocked to him from every direction, one of the most distinguished being Robert Louis Stevenson. Saranac Lake, under his influence and active direction, grew from a little backwoods settlement into a modern, prosperous town with very high standards of hygiene. He was known and honored throughout the scientific world for his professional achievements. But his greatest honor is that he was a patient, persistent, and always optimistic fighter in behalf of human welfare. He worked to the last, and he died a hero of the trenches just as much as if he had been in Flanders.

There has hardly been in our time a more inspiring illustration of the truth of the saying that "he that loseth his life shall find it."

CONGREGATIONALISTS IN COUNCIL

To The Outlook's report, in its issue of November 10, of the biennial meeting of the Congregational Council at New Haven should be added the resolution there adopted in behalf of the victims of the war of extermination waged by the Turkish Government upon its non-Mohammedan subjects, especially the Armenians. This resolution, addressed to the President of the United States, is as follows:

> The National Council, profoundly moved by the unquestionable evidence of unprecedented atrocities committed upon the non-Mohammedan population of Turkey by the order of the Central Government, raises its voice in protest and urges upon the President of the United States to do all in his power to save the remnant of those stricken races, and to secure in this endeavor alike the co-operation of all neutral nations and of the allies of Turkey.

This was sent to the President with the resolution on the subject of preparedness against war, already reported by The Outlook. The special committee appointed to present these resolutions report that their reception by the President was everything that could be desired. But nevertheless the American Board of Foreign Missions of the Congregational Churches has been informed by the State Department that it is "impracticable at present to comply with the requests concerning the well-being of Armenians in Turkey," on the ground that "no satisfactory information of them is obtainable." Meanwhile, a correspondent who is familiar with the circular and ambassadorial reports received at Washington informs us that "the situation in Turkey grows worse rather than better, and will, I think, until there is some break at Constantinople."

Since 1820 Americans have expended for benevolent work for the inhabitants of the Turkish Empire nearly $40,000,000. The value of American philanthropic investments in land, buildings, and equipment in the Turkish Empire at the present time is about $8,000,000. More than $20,000,000 of the total missionary expenditure has been collected and disbursed by the American Board

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and the Women's Boards allied with it. Their investment in land, buildings, and equipment had a value at the outbreak of hostilities of not less than $2,000,000. The damage to this American property by the Turkish Government runs into several hundred thousand dollars. Add to this the recent loss of American lives in Turkey, and it is clear that the case calls for prompt and energetic action by our Government. American interests in Turkey, when measured by the money and the lives devoted to active philanthropic work there, surpass those of any other nation. A strong committee has been formed in New York to keep in close touch with Washington and the Turkish situation and to do what can be done by private citizens to secure the fullest protection for American missionaries and American hospitals and schools in Turkey. This committee has on its hands the double burden of trying to convince the Government at Washington that protection is needed and of endeavoring itself to extend private succor to the sufferers from Turkish malevolence.

FISK UNIVERSITY

The death of Booker T. Washington centers the whole attention of the country upon the problem of Negro education. The Negroes are not the only people in the country who have an educational problem on their hands, as the lively controversy now going on in New York City over the Gary plan of public school education testifies. But the American Negroes have this interesting advantage over the white people of the country—that their educational problem is the youngest in the civilized world, and therefore the most susceptible of sound improvement. Fifty years ago there was no such thing as Negro education in the United States. What it has grown to be is well illustrated by the growth of Fisk University, at Nashville, Tennessee, which on November 9 inaugurated its new President, Dr. Fayette Avery McKenzie. Distinguished educators attended the ceremonies, and letters of appreciation and encouragement were received from publicists, statesmen, and college presidents in all parts of the country.

Fisk University is best known to the public at large, perhaps, through its famous Jubilee Singers, who have visited all parts of this country and many parts of Europe. While Tuskegee and Hampton have devoted themselves to the industrial development of the Negro, the special purpose of Fisk University has been to train Negro professional men and women. Sometimes the white critic of Negro educational institutions is prone to forget that the colored race needs its doctors, lawyers, and teachers as well as the white race. The professional men and women educated at Fisk University have reflected credit on their race. The record of the colored teachers who have been graduated from Fisk University is especially creditable. Of the teachers at Tuskegee and other normal and industrial schools of the Negro race a considerable proportion are Fisk graduates.

Dr. McKenzie, the new President, goes to Fisk University from the Department of Sociology at the Ohio State University of Columbus, Ohio, where he has been a member of the Faculty for ten years. His inauguration ought to, and undoubtedly will, give a new impetus to the general work of Negro education in this country.

THE CONSUMER AS DAIRY INSPECTOR

"Here's my dealer at the very bottom of the list!" exclaimed the first housekeeper.

"And I have been paying a fancy price, while six regular-price dairies have beaten my dealer to it!" wrathfully exclaimed the second.

"I pay the regular price, and mine is about the middle," reflected the third. And so it went until there arose twelve who that day changed their milk dealers.

The simple but powerful instrument of discrimination in their hands was a one-sheet bulletin issued by the Department of Health. It contained no elaborate scoring or technical language or appalling bacteriological counts; it was simply a listing of the principal milk dealers of the city, with a percentage after the name of each showing how the milk from the creameries averaged as to cleanliness and wholesomeness. There were separate divisions for "ordinary raw milk," "special raw milk," and "pasteurized milk." Sometimes one dealer handled all three, and his rating was given for each. Needless to say, the prices for the three grades are different.

The percentage is rated as follows: For dairy farms, equipment and methods, 16⅔ per cent; for dairy cattle, health and cleanliness, 16⅔ per cent; for dairy equipment and methods, 16⅔ per cent; for nutritive value of milk as determined by chemical analysis, 16⅔ per cent; and for wholesomeness, cleanliness, and keeping qualities, as

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determined by bacteriological analyses, 33⅓ per cent; total, 100.

These bulletins, issued every six months, show a slight interchange among dealers; but the same ones keep pretty well to the fore. Published in large numbers and mailed around the city to individual housekeepers and to women's clubs, they serve the double purpose of raising the standards of all the dealers and at the same time educating the consumer.

It is Dr. William C. Woodward, Health Officer in Washington, D. C., who has worked out this ingenious method of stimulating the dairymen to their best efforts; and, simple as it is, it seems not to be in effect in other cities.

BOOKER WASHINGTON AND HIS RACE

Booker Washington's death is a National calamity.

To very few men is it given to serve the Nation so fruitfully as it was given to this great man. Besides the gifts of discernment and abounding common sense, he had great gifts of character—in particular, that noble kind of humility that is the very highest mark of self-respect. And all his gifts, with all his strength, he devoted unceasingly to his race and his country. It is quite impossible to say whether he rendered the larger service to the blacks or to the whites.

It was because he spent himself without stint that death came to him when he was but fifty-six or fifty-seven years old. As one of his associates, the cook at Tuskegee Institute, is reported to have said, his death brings him "the first rest he's had these thirty-five years." After many months of ill health, which did not prevent him from doing a great deal of work, he suffered a nervous breakdown early in November. A few days later he was taken to Tuskegee, Alabama, for, as he had said, he had been born in the South, he had lived in the South, and he wished to die in the South; and on November 14, within five hours of his arrival home, he died.

From the time of his young boyhood he had been inured to hard work. He was somewhere between twelve and fourteen years old (he never knew even the year of his birth) when, after several years of labor—including long hours in the salt furnaces and coal mines of West Virginia—he decided to go to Hampton Institute. His admission examination consisted in cleaning a room, and he passed it triumphantly. It was there, under General Armstrong, that he received his impulse to serve his people and to establish a school for Negroes. From that day to the day of his death he was almost incessantly at work. His labors were widely various—attending to the administrative details of Tuskegee Institute, lecturing, writing, raising money by personal solicitation, organizing meetings of Negroes, studying the problems of his race, and on every occasion between whiles giving individual counsel and assistance to the struggling black man wherever he found him. His most famous book is his autobiography, "Up from Slavery." This he wrote on scraps of paper wherever he happened to be—mainly while traveling. It is one of the most notable autobiographies written in our times.

To the staff of The Outlook Dr. Washington's death brings a special sense of personal loss, for he was a frequent contributor to The Outlook and an adviser whose wisdom we often sought. "Up from Slavery" was planned in the office of The Outlook, and was first published in its pages; and probably the last thing that he wrote for publication was the letter from him that appeared in The Outlook a week ago.

But it was not merely by his words that he exercised his leadership. He did not merely tell people what to do, but he practiced what he preached. He proved his doctrines as he went along. Tuskegee Institute is the living, growing evidence of the faith that was in him.

Booker Washington was a practical idealist. He never troubled himself about what the people who brought slaves to Virginia in 1619 ought to have done; he set out to show what could be done in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. For that reason he encountered the hostility of some demagogues and dreamers who have no use for an ideal unless it is irrational and unattainable. Such people, black and white, did much to impede his work, but they never seemed to embitter him or turn him aside from construction to altercation. As he wrote in his account of slave insurrections in his "Story of the Negro"—which is a history of the race: "It requires no real courage for a man to stand up before a sympathetic audience and denounce wrongs that had been committed by people thousands of miles away."

His ideals were of the sort that the ordinary man, if he wishes, can bring appreciably

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nearer. "I think," he wrote in "Up from Slavery," "that the whole future of my race hinges on the question as to whether or not it can make itself of such indispensable value that the people in the town and the State where we reside will feel that our presence is necessary to the happiness and well-being of the community." The Negro who said that about his race could not have been other than an idealist. To transform a seemingly insoluble problem into an indispensable blessing to the community requires idealism; but it is the sort of idealism that any member of the race can begin at once to practice. And Booker Washington patiently showed by word and deed, again and again, how the ordinary Negro could begin to put that idealism into practice. "One farm bought, one house built, one home neatly kept, one man the largest taxpayer and depositor in the local bank, one school or church maintained, one factory running successfully, one truck garden profitably cultivated, one patient cured by a Negro doctor, one sermon well preached, one office well filled, one life cleanly lived—these," wrote Dr. Washington in his book on "Working with the Hands," "will tell more in our favor than all the abstract eloquence that can be summoned to plead our cause."

It was not only or chiefly that Booker Washington wanted for his people the blessings of material prosperity that he preached his practical idealism in terms of hogs and corn, of land-owning, house-building, banks, and factories; it was because it was by means of such things as these that the Negroes could make themselves indispensable. His idea of Negro success was to be of use. It is a good idea of success for any one.

This is why he laid stress on industrial education. It was not because he would deny the value of other forms of training; but because the great majority of Negroes can be of most use by practicing some forms of productive industry. And this is true of others than Negroes. He once illustrated this by the following anecdote:

"Not long ago a missionary who was going into a foreign field very kindly asked of me advice as to how he should proceed to convert the people to Christianity. I asked him, first, upon what the people depended mostly for a living in the country where he was to labor; he replied that for the most part they were engaged in sheep-raising. I said to him at once that if I were going into that country as a missionary, I should begin my efforts by teaching the people how to raise more sheep and better sheep. If he could convince them that Christianity could raise more sheep and better sheep than paganism, he would at once get a hold on their sympathy and confidence in a way he could not do by following more abstract methods of converting them." And Dr. Washington added: "The average man can discern more quickly the difference between good sheep and bad sheep than he can the difference between Unitarianism and Trinitarianism."

It was not labor for its own sake that Booker Washington sought to exalt in his emphasis on industrial education, but labor as a means of building character through willing service of others. To those of his race who objected to his teaching on the ground that the Negro for two hundred and fifty years had been worked as a slave and had now become free he replied again and again that there was a vast difference between being worked and working—"that being worked meant degradation, that working meant civilization"—and he quoted the old Negro farmer who, holding up some stalks of cotton which he had raised and which showed a progressive improvement from one or two bolls to six or twelve bolls a stalk, remarked to his audience at a farmers' institute, "I'se had no chance to study science, but I'se making some science myself."

If any one knew the hardships of the Negroes, their wrongs, the inequities from which they suffer, the barriers which have been raised in the path of their progress, Booker Washington knew them; but he never made use of them as a subject of complaint. He left it to others to talk about grievances while he talked about opportunities; he left it to others to talk about rights while he talked about duties.

The remark of an old Union officer, long resident in Virginia, that "the Negroes must be pioneers in an old country," expressed Booker Washington's attitude. "To me," he wrote as he concluded "The Story of the Negro," "the history of the Negro people in America seems like the story of a great adventure, in which, for my own part, I am glad to have had a share."

And one incentive to him in this adventure was his pride in his race. He liked to show how much more successfully the Negro had survived in America than the Indian, and declared that "the Negro seems to be about

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the only race that has been able to look the white man in the face and live," and he acknowledged his preference for Negro music over the music of the greatest of European composers. In little ways as well as large ways Dr. Washington was solicitous for the honor of his race. Formerly The Outlook did not use a capital letter in spelling Negro any more than it does in spelling white man; it was Dr. Washington's advocacy of the use of a capital letter for Negro as a capital letter is used in Indian that led us to make the change—a small matter, but a sign of Booker Washington's loyalty to his race.

It was just because he was loyal to his race that he refused to make his race an issue in every problem. Indeed, he saw that the so-called Negro Problem was only a group of common social problems—problems of housing, of health, of self-support, of education, and so on—knotted together by a race complication. What he sought to do was to remove the race complication so that the constituent problems could be attacked separately. The social intimacy (or so-called social equality) that some disloyal Negroes have craved and the sort of politics that created the evils of the reconstruction era have been the two main causes of the race complication. Booker Washington steadily refused to inject these matters into questions of education and housing, and land-ownership, and business, and moral progress, and true religion. He firmly believed that political privileges would come when they were earned, and that the only social intimacy the Negro required was that open to him among his own people. As he said in his great speech at Atlanta, which did more than anything else to bring him as a leader of race adjustment before the whites as well as the colored people of the South: "In all things purely social we can be as separate as the fingers"—and he held his open hand up, then, clenching his fist—"yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress."

It is by Booker Washington's way that progress is to be found for the Negro in America and for America with the Negro. His death is a calamity to his own race; but it is a greater calamity to the whites. There will not soon be likely to arise a Negro leader whom the white people of the South and of the North will so readily heed. It is not probable that such a man will appear twice in a generation. The Negroes' chief spokesman before their white fellow-men is gone. And this is the white people's loss. It is a greater injury to misunderstand than to be misunderstood, and without this spokesman the white people will be more in danger of misunderstanding their black fellow-countrymen. To this degree at least, the burden which this one black man has been bearing will now fall largely on white shoulders.

MERE WORDS WON'T DO

The following article is reprinted from the "Herald" of Grand Rapids, Michigan:

"The Outlook—discussing '1916'—puts its faith squarely into unmistakable words when, in this week's issue [the issue of October 6], it squarely says:

"The Presidential issue for 1916 is very simple. It is not the tariff. It is not finance. It is not the relation of capital to labor. It is not the regulation of the trusts. It is the question of National defense. Shall our citizens be protected abroad and our country protected at home? The party which makes this issue the first article of its platform, and the candidate who regards it as the public question of paramount importance and whose deeds as well as whose words are consistent with such a platform, will, in our judgment, be successful.

"Passing an argument with The Outlook over the irresistible importance of the tariff in the next campaign—'protection' for our industries should go hand in hand with 'protection' for our shores and our citizenship—we beg to call the attention of The Outlook to the fact that it will not be sufficient for a political party to merely write into its platform a paramount plank promising that 'our citizens shall be protected abroad and our country protected at home.'

"The mere 'promise' will not suffice. Why? Because we tried dependence upon a 'promise' once before. Could any mere language be more unequivocal and pre-assuring than the following?

"The Constitutional rights of American citizens should protect them on our borders and go with them throughout the world, and every American citizen residing or having property in any foreign country is entitled to and must be given the full protection of the United States Government, both for himself and for his property.

"This quotation is from the last Democratic National platform. So far as 'words' go, it is all and everything which The Outlook

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demands. But 'words' will not suffice unto the occasion in the next campaign. If there is one thing more than another which has aroused the United States to the necessities of a more adequate National defense, it is the very fact that during the past two years 'the Constitutional rights of American citizens have *not* protected them on our borders,' and the fact that we have suffered under a Mexican policy which, despite these honeyed platform words, has made partnership with common bandits, trafficked in arms and ammunition with which to despoil our own citizenship, winked at desecration of American rights beyond possibility of adequate description, and denied every word of the high-flown words in the platform pledge.

"No; mere 'words' won't do again. It will not be sufficient that the 'party platform' shall proclaim upon the subject. There must be good faith as well as good rhetoric. Perhaps The Outlook had this in mind in the qualifying phrases with which it closes its apostrophe."

The "Herald" has interpreted The Outlook's state of mind on this important question clearly and exactly.

AN INVASION

There are very grave indications that Germany and Austria are carrying on a concealed invasion of the United States. The facts in regard to the burning of munition plants and to a widespread conspiracy of espionage carried on at great expense by a small army of spies under the direction of officials of high rank are not yet clearly known. Enough is known, however, to put the United States Government on its guard, and to charge it with the immediate duty of searching investigation. It is imperative that the Government shall ascertain the facts, and, if the facts sustain widespread suspicion, shall take official action in order to forestall and prevent what might be regrettable popular action. For it is quite certain that the people of this country will not endure supinely a concealed invasion by a foreign Government.

It is a conspiracy which in thoroughness and extent of organization has never before been presented in the history of the world. It is an illustration of unscrupulous audacity without a parallel. The people of the country insist on knowing the facts, and knowing them at once. Investigation is due to the German and Austrian Governments quite as much as to the American people. At this moment the Teutonic people rest under the suspicion, not only of using a method of conducting war without justification by international law, but of willful and insolent invasion of the integrity of a neutral country.

When will our Government at Washington realize that this is a condition not much longer to be endured?

"THE HEART OF YOUTH"

In this issue there is published a play by Hermann Hagedorn, the American poet whose work is already familiar to Outlook readers. He was born in New York in 1882, prepared for college at the Hill School, and was graduated from Harvard in 1907, being the Class Poet of his year.

The play was written for the dedication of an outdoor theater at the Hill School, in Pottstown, Pennsylvania. It was presented last June in the quiet dusk of a Sunday evening, an appropriate time for the enactment of a drama possessing the spiritual significance of "The Heart of Youth." Lest the fear that may spring from any suggestion that "The Heart of Youth" is only a sermon cast in poetic form deter any one from venturing upon a reading of this play, we heartily recommend the advice given in the prologue by the Master in Charge of the players:

> "Do, for the love of Mike,
> Pretend it's football—anything but Art."

The feeling that exists for many that art and religion are to be enjoyed—if that word can be permitted here—only behind drawn shades has no place either in "The Heart of Youth" or in any other writing which has come from Mr. Hagedorn's pen. Poetry is for him no cult for the few, but rather a mode of expressing the inevitable aspirations that exist in every normal mind. Mr. Hagedorn has no monopoly of this conception of the function of poetry, but the number of other American poets who are as successfully translating their theories of art into created fact is distinctly limited. The best and most inviting side of Mr. Hagedorn's work lies in the consistent development in maturity, technique, and balance which he has shown in the past eight years. Progress in this direction he has made without any loss of the ardor which marked his earlier verse.

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THE MEXICAN SITUATION

An American citizen who has been in business in the City of Mexico for twenty years, and for whose responsibility and accuracy in the statement of facts we vouch, has given The Outlook in a personal interview the following statement concerning conditions now prevailing in Mexico. We cannot mention the name of this American, because political despotism is such even now under the Carranza Government that any kind of criticism is liable to bring severe reprisals upon the critic. Our informant's place of business in the City of Mexico is now closed and is sealed by the Brazilian Legation for protection because American interests in the City of Mexico are now in charge of Brazil. Members of the family of this American citizen are still in Mexico. He is now in New York, waiting for conditions to improve before his return. He brings some details of news which have not appeared in the American press.—THE EDITORS.

CARRANZA'S pledges of amnesty to his political opponents, which formed one of the conditions of his recognition by the United States Government, are to be accepted with some reserve. They are not entirely effective, to say the least. A typical case has come within my own knowledge. A Mexican mechanical engineer, named Gustavo Navarro, owning a machine shop and fairly well-to-do, with a family of eleven children, in order to protect his small business and his large family carried in his pocket credentials from Porfirio Diaz during the revolutionary period and was known, therefore, as a "Porfirista." When Diaz fell and Madero came into power, he carried on his person credentials from the Madero Government and was known as a "Maderista." When Huerta came into power, the credentials which he carried showed that he was a "Huertista," and he made munitions for the Huerta Government during the Huerta régime for the purpose of resisting the American invasion. His making of munitions was perfectly legal under the then existing governments. When Carranza came into power, he was arrested on the charge of having made and furnished munitions to Huerta, Zapata, and other opponents of Carranza. A relative of mine has written me this letter, which I show you, sent from Mexico by personal messenger to me, under the date of October 16. He says, as you see, that "Navarro was declared innocent the other day by court martial, but they found some other charges, and he is to be shot to-day at eleven o'clock."

I do not deny that, according to American standards, Navarro was a distinct materialist and supported whatever authority would best protect his interests and afford a living for his family. The point I make is that Carranza, having made pledges of amnesty to his political opponents, has nevertheless shot Navarro, although he was acquitted of the original charges by court martial.

It was said by a Mexican of the Carranza party in the pages of The Outlook recently that financial and food conditions, on the whole, are fairly good in Mexico. I show you this copy of the "Mexican Herald," dated October 11. It consists of four pages, while it formerly printed six, eight, ten, or twelve pages, according to the news. The printed price of the paper, as you see, is fifteen cents. Notice this advertisement:

For sale. American Flour $115 per sack.
7a nuevo Mexico No. 125

Read this paragraph in the market reports:

A few of the stalls at the San Juan market had fresh fish during the morning. This consisted almost entirely of robalo, and prices, as on Saturday, were very unsettled, ranging from four to seven dollars a kilo.

Robalo is a desirable fish which comes from Vera Cruz. As a kilo is 2 1-5 pounds, it will be seen that the price of this fish ranges from two to three dollars a pound. The American with American money in Mexico City can get twelve Mexican dollars for one American dollar, and sometimes more. Thus he can buy this fish, if he has American money, for twenty-five cents per pound, but the Mexican working for wages or salary is paid in Mexican paper money. While the Mexican soldier receives $1.75 a day, the prevailing rate of wages for the laborer at the present time is about $1.50, Mexican. The laborer can buy with his whole day's wages not quite one pound of robalo.

I call your attention to what the "Mexican Herald" says about fuel:

Both charcoal and wood are very scarce and prices are higher than they have been for many

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months. Some of the charcoal dealers held out the hope to customers yesterday afternoon that stocks might arrive in the city this week over the Mexican Railway. A few shipments of charcoal on *burros* [donkeys] continue to arrive daily, but these are entirely insufficient to meet the great demand for fuel in the capital.

These statements may be accepted as exact, because the censorship of the Carranza Government is so severe that the newspapers are not permitted to print anything except by official approval. The outlook for food, clothing, and fuel during the coming year in Mexico is very depressing.

I must admit that the railway situation to the United States is improving under the Carranza Government. Early in October they were trying to run "side-door Pullmans," which are freight cars with planks along the side. It took the traveler about thirty days to get from Mexico City to the American border if he was not picked off on the way by revolutionary sharpshooters. Nobody knew when the trains would leave Mexico City. Since October 15, however, the Carranza Government says that the trains will run more regularly. In normal times a through train leaves Mexico City daily, the running time being forty-eight hours from Mexico City to San Antonio, Texas. When I came out in October, I came by way of Vera Cruz, the only route open. Our train was protected by an advance patrolling train consisting of five cars of Carranzista soldiers and on our own train were three extra cars loaded with soldiers.

But, in spite of slight improvement, the railway situation is serious. No foreign freight has been brought into the City of Mexico for any merchant (except a few carloads on which the consignees had to pay express rates and sometimes double express rates) for almost two years. Even at this date provisions arrive at the City of Mexico in 100 kilo lots (220 pounds). Nothing more is allowed than this weight in one consignment, and all such consignments pay double express rates. I have at Laredo, Texas, a railway point on the border, merchandise which was imported from the United States over two years ago. I have already paid on it the full value, amounting to over fifteen hundred dollars, but I have been unable up to the present time to get this merchandise to my place of business in Mexico.

The post-office system is in hopeless confusion. My family received last August Christmas presents which were sent them for Christmas, 1914, and letters dated January and February, 1915. The confusion of American affairs in Mexico is indicated by the fact that private citizens have been asked to carry out the pouches of mail of the American Embassy. This despotic control of the mail is excused on the ground that the Carranza Government cannot permit any gold or silver to leave the country, and all mail pouches and baggage are strictly examined.

The Outlook has already told its readers about the fiat currency and its being stamped counterfeit. Here is a personal experience of a responsible American merchant whom I know. I do not defend his course except to say that it was absolutely essential to protect his rights. When the Villa Government called in its paper money to be validated, on the ground that some of it was counterfeit, this merchant found that the clerks at the stamping window could be "reached" so that they would stamp the paper as valid instead of counterfeit. He was compelled to avail himself of this opportunity, along with other merchants, because the paper was actually valid and he felt he had a right to persuade the clerks to stamp it valid. By and by the Government discovered that the stamping clerks were making these "perquisites." They thereupon issued another order to revalidate the revalidated currency!

The Carranza Government is doing the same thing, as the following facts will indicate. Early in October last the Carranza Government issued an official notice that all paper currency must be brought to the Treasury Department to have the alleged counterfeit bills perforated and withdrawn from circulation. This created such consternation throughout the country that the banks, large business houses, and small merchants closed their doors and refused to accept any paper money from their customers. Whereupon the Government issued a second announcement saying that the amount of counterfeit paper was so small that business men need not be alarmed at the process of revalidation. Business resumed its ordinary course and all paper currency was accepted in good faith. What was the result? A relative and business associate of mine writes under the date of October 23 that one of the big oil corporations had about $2,000 Mexican in paper which they sent to be revalidated and received back $1,050 perforated as worthless. Is it any wonder that gold dollars are selling to-

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day at from twelve to fifteen dollars Mexican, whereas the nominal value is about 2 to 1? My relative writes me that some good judges think that the exchange will be 20 to 1 before it ever goes as low as 10 to 1. The fiat money problem is one of the most serious that the Carranza Government has to face.

My own opinion is that The Outlook's statement of the situation is the correct one. The Carranza Government should be given a fair opportunity to show its capacity. But up to the present time I see no indications that it has begun to handle the situation with adequate energy or efficiency. The problems in Mexico are too vast and complicated for a man of Carranza's training and experience—even admitting that his purposes are sincere—to treat successfully.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON: GENTLEMAN

BOOKER WASHINGTON was born in a hut without a window or a door-sill, in which the meals were never spread on a table, but were eaten whenever the members of the family needed food and food was present. He did not know the year in which he was born. He knew his mother; he never knew his father. His childhood was the childhood of a slave boy, without name or place in the world.

Booker Washington became one of the foremost men in America; he was heard on great occasions by great audiences with profound attention; he was a writer and speaker of National position, the founder of a college, and the organizing leader of a race in ideas and industry. These were notable achievements; but there was another achievement which was in its way more notable. Without any advantages of birth or station or training, a member of an ostracized race, with the doors of social life closed in his face, Dr. Washington was a gentleman. I recall three illustrations of this quality of nature, often lacking in men of great ability and usefulness. The first was in Stafford House, London, the residence of the Duke of Sutherland. The older Duke was the lifelong friend of Queen Victoria; and once, when she was going to Stafford House, she wrote the Duke that she was about to leave her uninteresting house for his beautiful palace. Nothing could be more stately than the great hall of Stafford House, with its two marble stairways ascending to the galleries above; and when the Duchess of Sutherland, standing on the dais from which the stairs ascended, received her guests, she reminded more than one of her guests of the splendid picture drawn by Edmund Burke of Marie Antoinette moving like a star through the palace at Versailles. On that evening Dr. Washington was present. At one time in one of the rooms he happened to be talking with the duchess and two other women of high rank, two of them women of great beauty and stateliness. There were some people present who were evidently very much impressed by their surroundings. Booker Washington seemed to be absolutely unconscious of the splendor of the house in which he was, or of the society in which for the moment he found himself. Born in a hut without a door-sill, he was at ease in the most stately and beautiful private palace in London.

On another occasion there was to be a Tuskegee meeting at Bar Harbor. The Casino had been beautifully decorated for a dance the night before. The harbor was full of yachts, the tennis courts of fine-looking young men and women; it was a picture of luxury tempered by intelligence. Mr. Washington was looking out of the window. Presently he turned to me and said, with a smile, "And last Wednesday morning I was eating breakfast in a shanty in Alabama; there were five of us and we had one spoon!"

Mr. Edgar Gardner Murphy, who gave the best years of his life to education and was an apostle of the highest ideals of the New South, was one night speaking in a private house in New York. Mr. Washington also spoke. At the end of the formal talk the host, a very prominent New York financier, said, "We will now go to the dining-room and continue our discussion." Mr. Washington knew that if the Southern man who had spoken went into the dining-room with him the former's influence in his own State would receive a great shock. He did not leave the white man to decide; he immediately excused himself and left.

Those who knew him well knew that it was characteristic of the man to obliterate himself. There was no servility in him nor was there any assumption. He had the instincts of a gentleman as well as the courage of a leader. H. W. M.

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KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

WHAT IF?

DO you remember the little girl's definition of faith? "Faith is believing things you know are not so." The courage of children, who have not yet acquired the doubtful caution which prevents us from saying what we think, makes them invaluable teachers; but, as with other teachers, we must mix with their instructions our own thinking. I accept the little girl's definition of faith with the transposition of one word: Faith is believing things you do not know are so. This also is Tennyson's definition:

> "We have but faith: we cannot know,
> For knowledge is of things we see,
> And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
> A beam in darkness: let it grow."

Faith is an adventure into the unknown. It is imagination become conviction. It is courageous experiment. A boy sees his companion swimming. Can he swim? He does not know. If he has faith enough in his untried power to make the experiment and patience enough to persist in it, he will become a swimmer. But he will never become a swimmer if he waits on the bank until he knows. My devout friend plunges into the unknown and his courage is rewarded with a new access of strength or comfort, of peace or efficiency. Praying makes a new man of him. I can learn whether prayer is valuable only by following his example and making the same venture.

In this paper I invite my reader to join with me in an adventure of faith.

Before the plunge is the shore; before the venture of faith the certainty of knowledge.

Science assures us that we are ever in the presence of an "Infinite and Eternal Energy" from which all things proceed. The laws—that is, the habits—of this Energy are the same in the most distant star that they are in this planet. Life is one throughout the known universe. And science believes in an ether which serves as the instrument of its Energy. This ether, which no one has ever seen, but which science accepts because it is necessary to account for the phenomena of life, explains light, heat, electricity, and probably gravitation. It has one quality which theology has attributed to God—it is omnipresent. In accepting this theory of an omnipresent ether science passes from the realm of the known into the realm of the unknown. It supposes the existence of something which, if "knowledge is of things we see," it cannot know. The spirit of adventure invites us further into the unknown.

What if this omnipresent ether in the universe is identical with what in popular parlance is called nerve force in the human body? What if it carries the command of the Infinite and Eternal Energy throughout the universe as nerve force carries the commands of the brain to all the members? What if the Infinite and Eternal Energy thinks and feels and wills, is a human Energy, a living Being, He—not It! What if it thinks thoughts as far beyond our thinking, feels emotions as far beyond our feelings, forms plans as far beyond our planning as the universe exceeds the human body, or the sunlight which floods our planet exceeds the candle with which we grope our way through the darkness? What if Tyndall is right and in matter is "the promise and potency of all terrestrial life," because Goethe is right and "matter can never exist without mind nor mind without matter"? What if Myers is right and this ether explains mental as well as physical phenomena, the influence of one mind over another mind which we call telepathy, and the influence of one will over another will which we call hypnotism? What if this omnipresent ether interprets the strange phenomenon of prayer, the influence of the Infinite and Eternal Energy over our spirits as over our bodies? What if thus the Unknown influences all mankind as he controls all nature and is the source and fountain of all life, spiritual as well as physical? What if his thoughts and purposes are seen in the life of all who try to think as he thinks, feel as he feels, and purpose what he purposes? What if thus in man we see a microscopic image of this Infinite and Eternal Energy as in nature we see his power? And what if in the Supreme Man of history—the ideal of all humanity and for all humanity—we see this image in its most perfect human form?

If the Church really believed this, would it not be a different Church?

If we really believed this, should we not be different men and women?

The Knoll, Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.

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Current Events Pictorially Treated

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BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

Dr. Washington's unexpected death brought a sense of deep personal loss to his many friends and has caused widespread mourning among the colored and the white races in America. See editorial appreciation of the character and work of this leader of his people

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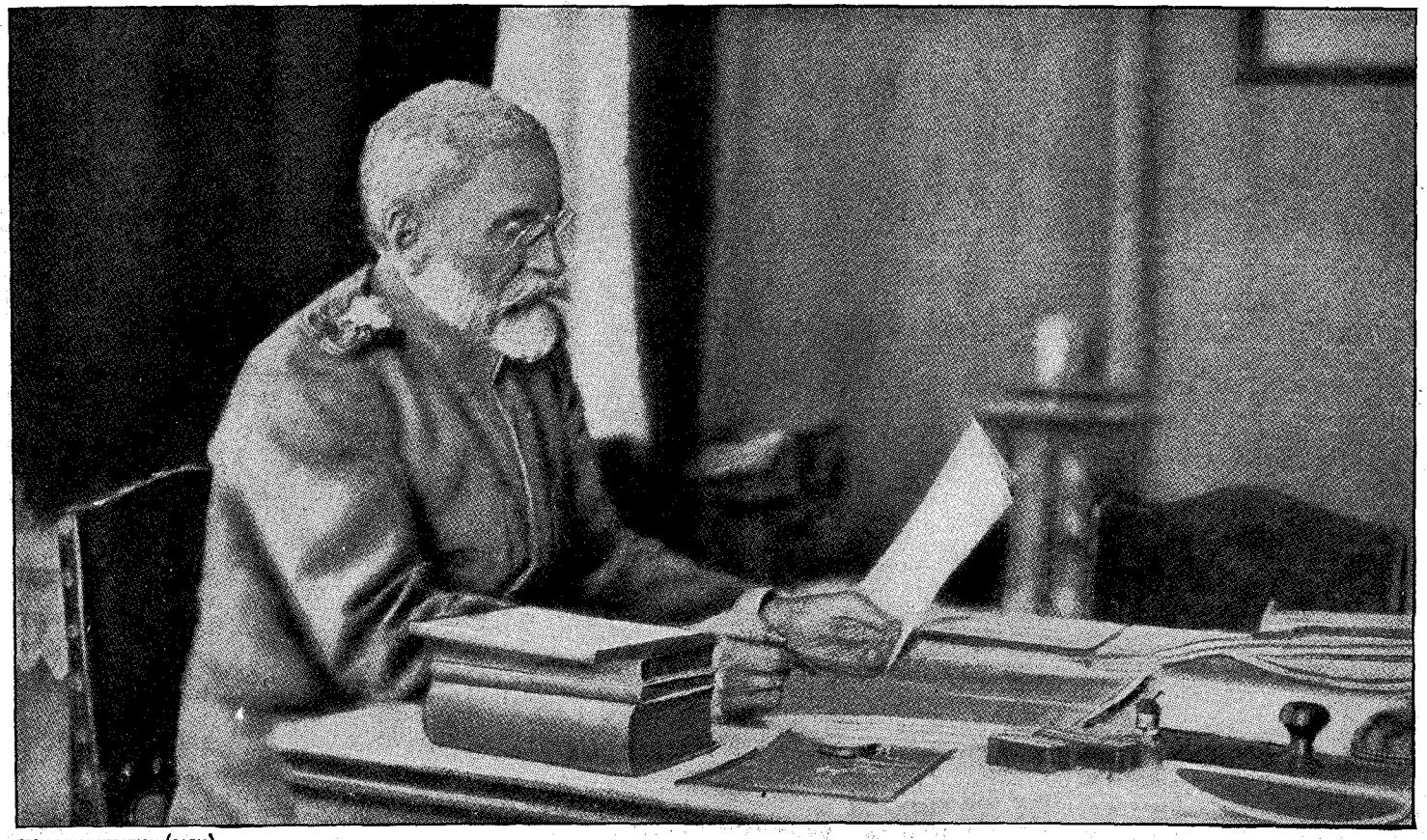

FROM L'ILLUSTRATION (PARIS)

GENERAL PUTNIK, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE SERVIAN ARMIES

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PHOTOGRAPH BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

SERVIAN WOMEN AND CHILDREN HELPED BY AMERICANS

Madame Grouitch, who recently visited America to raise funds for helping fatherless Servian children, is seen in the picture (wearing a white hat) surrounded by her charges and their mothers. The building loaned to her for her baby hospital has, it is reported, been taken through necessity for a military hospital and is now undoubtedly in the hands of the invaders

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PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

CARRYING THE WAR INTO AMERICA

Four American firms which have done work for the Allies recently suffered disastrous fires in their factories on the same day; the coincidence inevitably arouses suspicion that agents of the Austro-Germans have been endeavoring to cripple the firms that are making munitions for their enemies. The picture shows the destruction of the Roebling barbed-wire mill at Trenton, New Jersey

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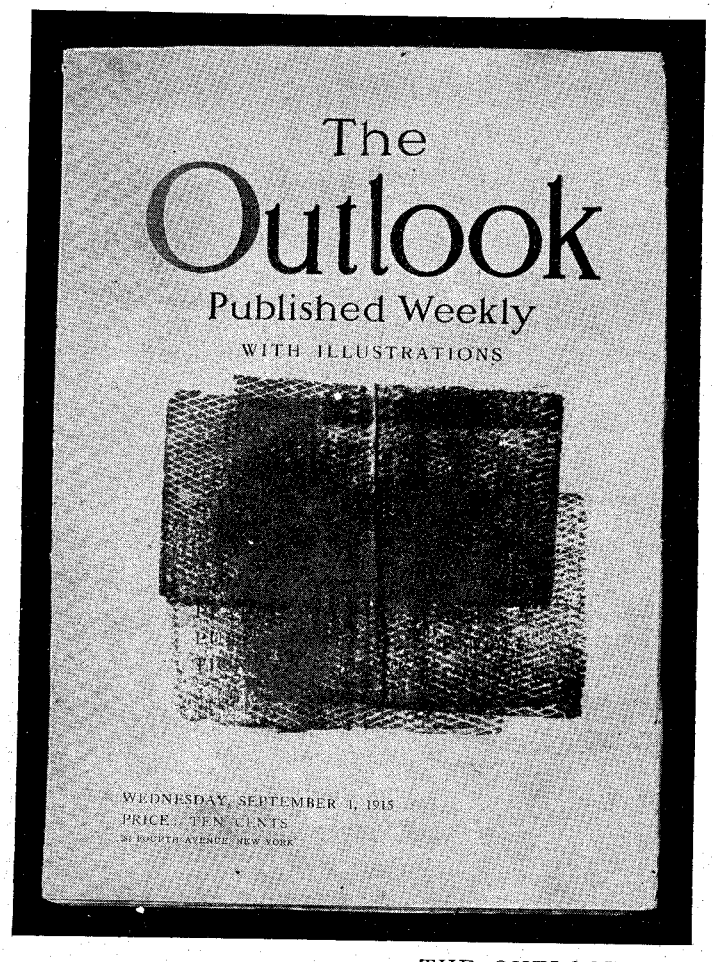

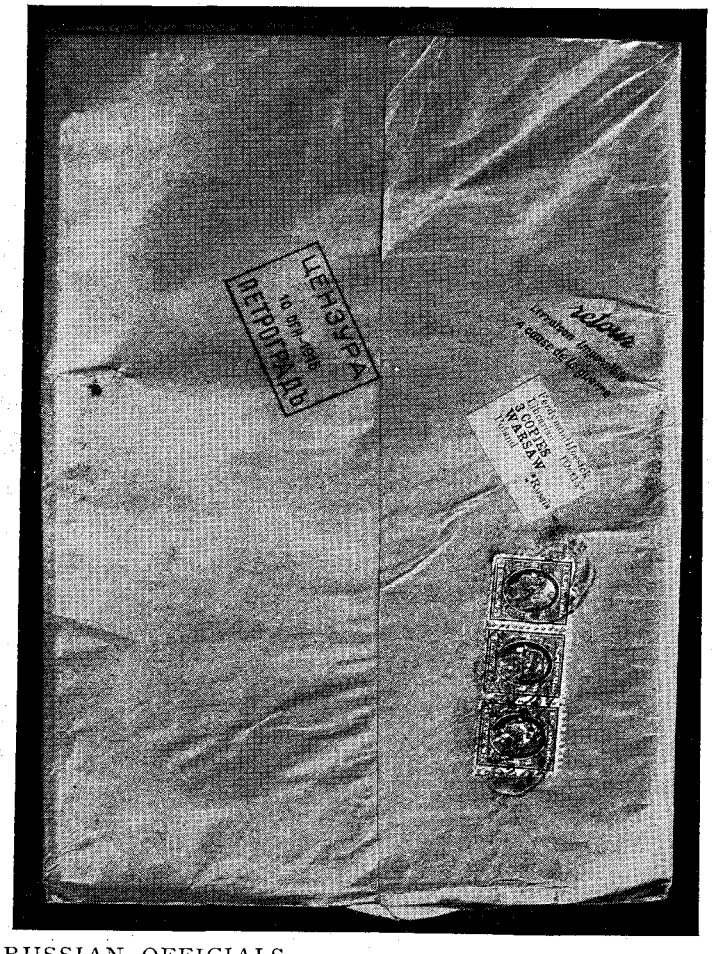

THE OUTLOOK CENSORED BY RUSSIAN OFFICIALS

The left-hand picture shows the front cover of The Outlook after a tabooed article's title has been blacked out by the Russian censor; the picture on the right shows the wrapper of the same copy of The Outlook as it appeared on its return to the United States by the Russian postal authorities. See editorial pages

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GENERAL FUNSTON ON THE MEXICAN BORDER

The photograph shows General Funston (third figure from the right) on his arrival at Camp Douglas, Arizona, to take command of the Federal troops assembled there to protect Americans from promiscuous firing across the line

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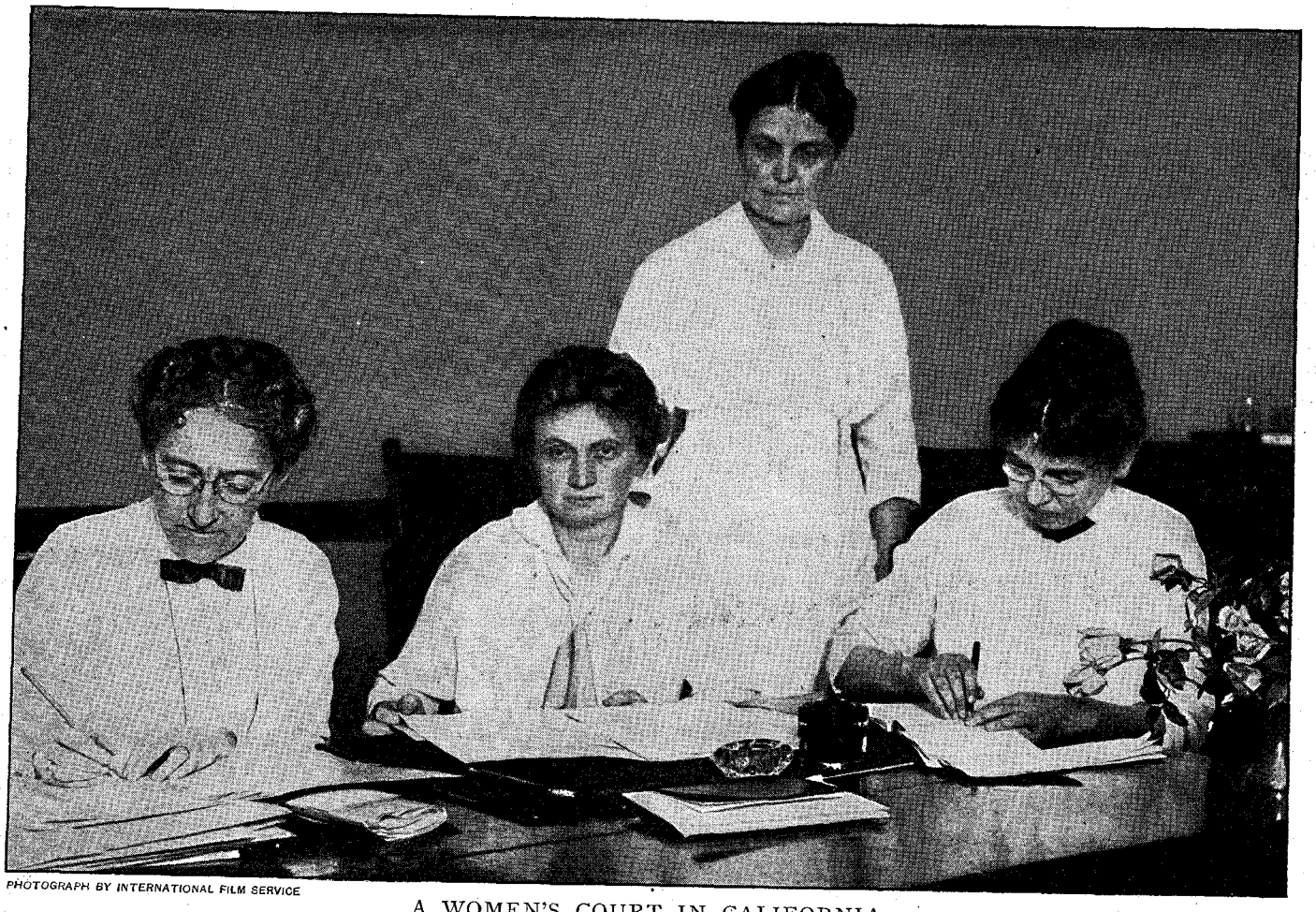

PHOTOGRAPH BY INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

A WOMEN'S COURT IN CALIFORNIA

The first court in the history of California and probably the first in the Nation in which judge, clerk, reporter, and bailiff were all women, and in which no man had any part, was held recently in Los Angeles, California. Fourteen cases were tried and disposed of by the judge, Miss Orfa Jean Shontz, who was recently appointed referee of the Juvenile Court. The scope of the court includes all cases in which girls in their minority are defendants and which concern boys up to nine years of age. Photograph shows, left to right: Mrs. F. H. Bryan, clerk; Miss Orfa Jean Shontz, judge; Mrs. Catherine Haw, bailiff; and Miss E. P. Houghton, reporter

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EDITH CAVELL: NURSE; MARTYR

A striking picture of the benevolent Englishwoman who was recently executed by the German authorities in Belgium. Mr. Frederick Palmer's account of the effect of her death on the English soldiers is reported on the editorial pages

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THE RESULTS OF THE PANAMA CANAL[1] ON WORLD TRADE

II—SOUTH AMERICA AND THE FAR EAST

BY GEORGE H. BLAKESLEE

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AND INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS AT CLARK UNIVERSITY

A MILLION tons of iron ore from South America will soon be passing each year through the Canal. This will be entirely new commerce, undreamed of a short time ago. The ore, in fact, has already begun to be shipped by the Bethlehem Steel Company from the Chilean mines which it recently secured; over 110,000 tons came through Panama during the first twelve months since the opening of the Canal. Before long a fleet of large freight steamers now under construction, each of seventeen thousand tons capacity, will make regular trips through Panama, bringing this iron from Chile and returning with coal and manufactured products from the United States. The ore in these mines already in sight will furnish a million tons of Canal cargo each year for a full century to come.

But the total of the South American traffic which passed through the Canal during its first year, to and from Europe and the United States, gives no adequate idea of what this trade will be later on, for the war temporarily broke down ordinary commercial relations throughout South America. The shipping on this route during the first twelve months amounted to only one-fourth of what was expected. This surprising slump, however, especially in the trade to and from Europe, proves nothing except commercial disorganization. The financial credit of South America, which was maintained through banking connections with Europe, collapsed with the outbreak of the war. The west coast countries had very little money with which to buy imports, while their European export market was largely destroyed. Of conditions in Chile, which had the largest trade of the west coast, the United States Consul at Iquique wrote some weeks after the beginning of the war: "The paralysis of everything throughout the country is almost complete. Commerce is at a standstill and financial conditions are rapidly getting worse." "The commerce of the ports on the nitrate coast," to quote a South American newspaper of last fall, "is practically ruined, and thousands of laborers are out of employment." Even since the marked improvement in business during the past few months about one-half of the Chilean nitrate plants are still closed down. A large proportion, also, of the tin mines of Bolivia and the copper mines of Peru were forced in the early months of the war to suspend operations or to work on part time, while in the latter country general business fell off about fifty per cent from the normal. It is thus clear that the real value of the Canal to South America cannot be judged by the tonnage which it carried the past year, nor even by the increasing volume of the recent traffic since the partial recovery of business from the crisis of last summer and fall.

Before the war, the west coast had a large foreign trade. Its total exports and imports amounted to about $420,124,000 in 1913, which was a gain of considerably over one hundred per cent in fourteen years. When conditions are again normal, the Canal will not only secure most of this heavy traffic, but will still further hasten the remarkable expansion of the past few years.

Minerals will soon be coming through Panama in rapidly increasing tonnage, for the Andes are a vast treasure-house of copper, tin, silver, and gold, and a striking development of mining in this region is already under way. Americans have particularly interested themselves in these mines. In Peru alone they have invested $30,000,000, which is more than all other nationalities together.

The output of all of these American mining companies, which will increase by many thousands of tons in the immediate future, will reach its market almost entirely through the Panama Canal.

Bolivian mines have probably furnished some $2,000,000,000 worth of minerals from the Spanish days to the present, yet one of the experts in our Department of Commerce says, "The country is to-day one of the richest in minerals in the world." The mines here are in European hands, for the most part,

[1] This article was written before the recent slides in the Canal so seriously interrupted commerce for the present.—THE EDITORS.

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which accounts for the fact that the large quantities of Bolivian tin used in the United States have been reaching our country only by the roundabout way of European smelters. Since the war broke up existing commercial arrangements, President Montes, of Bolivia, has made earnest efforts to have tin ore shipped direct from Bolivia to the United States. This would bring a saving in freight alone, thanks to Panama, of $12 a ton. As a result, it may be, of President Montes's influence, the American Smelting Company has recently begun the erection of a large tin smelter at Perth Amboy, New Jersey, which will be ready for operation towards the end of this year. This plant will be supplied chiefly with ore coming from Bolivia via Panama, and, it is hoped, will succeed in bringing to the United States permanently a large proportion of the Bolivian ore tonnage which has hitherto gone to Europe.

Nitrates are at present even more important in the commerce of the west coast than the ordinary minerals. The only available deposits of this material in the world are in the northern part of Chile, which normally exports over $100,000,000 of it a year; of this amount over four fifths have been going to Europe, largely to Germany, where it is used as fertilizer, and less than one-fifth has been coming to the United States. But for some time it has been predicted that, since the Canal reduces the distance from Iquique, the chief Chilean nitrate center, to New York by over five thousand miles, and to New Orleans by over six thousand, this would result in a considerable development of our use of nitrate and increasingly larger shipments through Panama. This prediction is being fulfilled, for the amount of nitrate coming to the United States has not only steadily and rapidly increased in actual tonnage, but it has surpassed that shipped to Europe by over one-half. The relative advantage which the Canal has given to this country in purchasing nitrate is shown by the present freight rates, 46 shillings a ton from northern Chile to our Atlantic ports, as against 70 shillings to Europe. The Du Ponts own large deposits in Chile, and they are now operating four steamers for the exclusive purpose of bringing their nitrate through the Canal for their powder factories in the United States. It is a hopeful fact for the future of the Canal traffic that during the first twelve months the nitrate passing through Panama (about 850,000 tons), notwithstanding the total loss of the German market and the partial collapse of the industry, has already amounted to more than double the tonnage of any other commodity on any one of the various Canal routes.

Other important products of the west coast—cotton, sugar, and oil from Peru, and cocoa from Ecuador—are even now coming through the Canal by thousands of tons; and all of them give promise of rapid increase.

In selling goods to the west coast, as well as in importing its products, Panama has given the United States a striking advantage over Europe. By the Straits of Magellan route American exporters were on a basis of practical commercial equality with those of London and Hamburg; by the Canal they can now fill orders from Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Chile from seven to fourteen days sooner than their English and German rivals.

Before the war, Europe had nearly six-sevenths of the import and export trade of these countries. But at present the United States has over three-fifths and Europe less than two-fifths of the total; the exact figures for the west coast traffic through the Canal for the past year are: Europe, 725,107 cargo tons; United States, 1,148,925 cargo tons. Five American steamship lines are now maintaining regular fortnightly or monthly sailings through the Canal to the west coast, as against two lines from Europe. This lead which our country has secured would seem to be due not entirely to the war, but in some measure, at least, to the Canal. It is very probable, too, that the United States will permanently secure a dominating share of this trade, especially in exports, since the volume of goods which it sends to Latin-American countries varies in general proportion to its nearness to their markets.

More important, however, than the present relative superiority over Europe is the satisfactory total of our own tonnage. Although there was a sharp falling off in our trade with the west coast immediately after the outbreak of the war, a marked commercial revival began this past spring. The result is that the Panama Canal for its first year has carried in the United States-South American trade nearly three hundred thousand ship tons more than the official estimates of two and three years ago.

JAPAN

Premier Okuma believes that, next to the United States, Japan will receive the greatest

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benefit from the opening of the Panama Canal. Much the same opinion is held by the Imperial Minister of Communications, who stated, something over a year ago, that, in view of the immense influence which the Canal would exert upon the trade with the United States, the Japanese Government, after full consultation with the Chambers of Commerce and shipping unions of the country, had decided to subsidize a steamship line for service through the Canal.

The trade between the United States and Japan is larger than we generally realize; the past year it amounted to about $160,000,000. Japan sells more goods to us than to any other country, and buys more from us than from any other country except British India.

In normal times a large part of this immense trade will pass through the Canal. Of the American exports to Japan, kerosene, machinery, locomotives, railway cars, and iron and steel have in the past generally gone by Suez; but practically all of this traffic has been changed to the Panama route, which makes the distance between New York and Yokohama 3,768 miles shorter than by Suez. Cotton, our most important single export to Japan—in 1912 it amounted in value to $32,000,000—is now largely shipped by Panama. This cheaper and more direct route will prove to be a great boon to Japan, since cotton manufacturing is the great industry of the country. The whole Far East wears cotton cloth, and Japan is supplying an increasing amount of it.

Japan's exports to the United States are mostly goods of large value in small bulk, such as silk and tea, and will probably continue, in part at least, to reach the Atlantic coast by the American transcontinental railways as in the past; but a not inconsiderable proportion is already coming by the Canal.

Japan's geographical position makes it the natural supply station in the Pacific for ships using the Canal. It is situated almost exactly on the short, great-circle route from Panama to China and the Philippines; nearly every steamer passing in either direction stops in Japan for coal and water, while many wish to refit in some degree. Admiral Kimotsuki, sometimes called the Japanese Mahan, has recently pointed out that Japan will make a large profit from selling supplies to the trans-Pacific vessels, and has calculated that by 1925 the sales from coal and water alone will amount to $60,000,000 a year.

The shipping, as well as the trade of Japan, should be somewhat stimulated by the increased traffic through the Canal. To develop its already large and successful merchant marine, the Japanese Government proposed to Parliament, before the outbreak of the war, that a subsidy of about $875,000 a year should be granted to one of the companies to extend a line through Panama to New York.

But none of the Government's plans for the Canal have as yet materialized, for the war for a time upset shipping conditions in Japan, as it did in South America. Only one Japanese steamer went through the Canal during the first half-year. More recently, however, the number has considerably increased; this is due especially to the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, which has inaugurated a monthly service between New York and Shanghai, with intermediate stops at Vladivostok, Yokohama, and Kobe.

Of the twenty ships from the United States Atlantic and Gulf ports on direct voyages to Japan during the first six months of the Canal, eight carried oil and eight carried cotton, all but one of the latter sailing from Galveston. During the second half-year, while refined petroleum and oil still made up the bulk of the shipments to Japan, there was at the same time a heavy increase in the tonnage of general cargo, iron and steel articles, machinery, and railway material.

THE ORIENT WEST AND SOUTH OF JAPAN

The outlook in this region before the war may be judged from a report of one of the leading United States Consuls in China, who wrote, shortly before the Canal was opened: "There is scarcely a shipping interest in the Pacific which has not already arranged for service through, or connection with service through, the Panama Canal;" then he added, "That the effect of the opening of the Canal will be immense, far-reaching, and revolutionary is accepted as an accomplished fact by commercial interests in the Far East."

The full influence of the Canal, of course, may be seen only after conditions have again become normal. The general trade situation in China was most unfortunate for many months after the outbreak of the war; financial troubles, the fall in the value of Chinese coinage, and excessive ocean freight rates greatly reduced the usual amount of imports and exports. Railway development completely stopped, and the purchase of Ameri-

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can flour was greatly curtailed. To make matters worse, there were not enough steamers to carry even this reduced traffic. The shortage of shipping, according to United States consular reports of a few months past, became a serious factor in the general trade situation. Thousands of tons of freight piled up in Hongkong, while over 25,000 tons of cargoes from Hankow, Tientsin, and other northern ports were seeking space, which could not be obtained at any price. Although there has been a marked revival in the Chinese trade during the last three or four months, it is no wonder that, taking the Canal year as a whole, the volume of Panama traffic to and from the Far East is disappointing.

The predictions, however, as to the proportions of the Oriental traffic which Panama and Suez would secure are being largely fulfilled. The freight lines from New York to the Far East are now sending some of their ships, via Panama, to Japan and to Chinese ports as far south as Shanghai, and others, via Suez, to the Indian Ocean and as far north as Hongkong and Manila. Both canals, in fact, have been used by different steamers between New York and the Philippines. On the other hand, the heavy traffic between Europe and the Orient, which was expected to go via Panama, is practically non-existent. A further unexpected feature is the importance of Vladivostok; it has not only developed a heavy direct trade through the Canal, due in considerable part to the war traffic, but has also been made the first port of call for a large proportion of the steamers from the United States bound for Japan and northern China.

In the direct trade to China American petroleum exporters have so far taken the chief advantage of Panama; of the twenty-two ships which cleared for Chinese ports via the American Canal during its first twelve months, twenty carried cargoes of oil.

AUSTRALASIA

When the Purley, the first ship from New York to New Zealand via the Panama Canal, reached Auckland, its captain found that a steamer which had left New York two weeks ahead of him and had taken the Cape Horn route had not yet arrived. This incident illustrates the importance of Panama in bringing New Zealand and Australia much nearer our Atlantic and Gulf States than before. By a ten-knot steamer, New York is sixteen days nearer Sydney, the chief port of Australia, than by the former most frequented route around the Cape of Good Hope.

Our exports to Australasia have been reasonably large in normal times. They amounted to over $52,000,000 in 1913; the bulk of this would probably have gone through the Canal had it then been in existence. A permanent increase in this trade will doubtless be brought about by the relatively short, quick Panama route. In fact, the shipments from New York to Australia and New Zealand during the past few months are already exceeding those for the corresponding period a year ago, though how much of this advance is due to the Canal and how much to the war it is impossible to state. During July these exports from New York alone were worth nearly six and a half million dollars, or twice the value for July, 1914. As for the future, it is announced that the Texas Oil Company has already made plans for the erection of warehouses and tanks at Sydney, in preparation for a large export business from their supply base at Port Arthur, Texas.

During the first year of the Canal thirty-six steamers for Australasian ports passed through Panama carrying cargoes of machinery, railway material, manufactured goods of iron and steel, oil, and miscellaneous articles. There are four steamship lines now operating from New York to Australasia. The great majority of their boats—those bound for New Zealand and the eastern ports of Australia, such as Sydney, Melbourne, and Brisbane—go through the Canal; those which touch first at the western and southern ports of Australia, especially Fremantle and Adelaide, sail by the Cape of Good Hope. There is the usual complaint that the available shipping is inadequate for the present traffic.

THE ORIENT AS A WHOLE

The various lands of the Orient should properly be grouped together in any discussion of Panama Canal traffic, since it is almost impossible to separate the ship tonnage going to one country from that going to another; most of the steamers on this route make stops, on the same trip, at a number of ports, from Vladivostok on the north to Hongkong and even Manila on the south.

Considering the trade of the United States with the Far East, then, as a whole, it is evident that the war has upset, for the time being, all the previous estimates. The net tonnage

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of shipping which used the Canal to and from the Orient has been hardly one-third of what was expected. During the first half-year our exports were light, while only three ships from Japan, Siberia, China, and Australasia altogether passed through the Canal eastbound. The second half-year, however, has shown a remarkable and most hopeful increase.

CLASSIFICATION OF CANAL CARGOES

The freight which passed through the Canal from the Pacific to the Atlantic during the last twelve months has amounted to about twenty per cent more than that in the opposite direction. This seems to be due to the heavy shipments of raw materials from the Pacific, as is shown by the cargo tonnage of the commodities which have been most important in this east-bound traffic during the past year: nitrates (838,174 tons), from Chile; grain—wheat and barley (437,658 tons), nearly all from the Pacific coast of the United States and Canada; sugar (310,483 tons), the greater part from Hawaii for the United States; lumber (218,012 tons), nearly all from the western coast of the United States and Canada; iron ore (98,404 tons), from Chile for Philadelphia; flour (52,092 tons), from our Pacific coast for Europe; and copper and copper ore (75,737 tons), the larger part from our Pacific coast and Chile and Peru.[1] Earlier in the Canal year, soon after the harvest, the tonnage of grain exceeded that of every other commodity, even of nitrate.

On the other hand, manufactured goods have predominated in the cargoes from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In addition to the general miscellaneous list, manufactured products, especially of iron and steel, railway material and machinery together, totaled 363,356 tons for the year There was also a heavy traffic in refined petroleum (294,439 tons) and in coal (313,299 tons). Cotton was earlier an important item, but its total tonnage for the year was only 50,464.[1] The greater part of this freight was exported from the United States to the Pacific coasts of North and South America and to the Far East.

The trade routes passing through Panama, with the percentages of the total cargo tonnage which they carried the past year, are: (1) United States coastwise, 37.10; (2) United States with South America, 19.07; (3) United States (and Canada) Pacific coast with Europe, 16.80; (4) United States with the Orient, 14.80; and (5) Europe with South America, 13. These percentages cover the period from August 15, 1914, to July 1, 1915. The only marked change since the opening of the Canal has been the recent increase in South American commerce and in the exports from the United States to the Orient.

[1] These figures do not include the last two weeks of the Canal year, August 1 to 15.

UNITED STATES TRAFFIC VS. EUROPEAN

The Panama Canal is already decidedly successful so far as American trade is concerned; but the great volume of traffic which was expected to pass through the Canal, between Europe and other foreign countries, has failed to materialize. It is this falling off in the estimated European traffic which has so greatly reduced the tonnage of the Canal, as may be clearly shown from Panama statistics. Although it is difficult to compile tables which are absolutely accurate, since the estimated tonnage and the actual tonnage have not been computed on the same basis, yet a study of the official estimates and of the most recent Canal records gives the following results, which are substantially correct. It should be clearly understood that "net ship tons" in these tables refers, not to cargo, but to the size or carrying capacity of the ships themselves. Since boats in ballast were included in the estimated tonnage, they have also been included, as accurately as existing data permit, in the statistics of the various trade routes for the past year.

PANAMA CANAL TRAFFIC BETWEEN EUROPE AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES

	Estimated Net Ship Tons.	Actual Net Ship Tons for the Past Canal Year.
To and from Europe and South America.....	4,400,000	570,000
The Orient.....	1,400,000	55,000 [1]
Total European tonnage	5,800,000	625,000

These figures show that the traffic between Europe and other foreign countries has been only about one-tenth of what was expected. The Canal has thus lost, owing to the slump in European trade, over five million ship tons, or about one-half of the total tonnage, from

[1] Between Europe and the Far East the Canal Record schedules no ships whatever; but since a few of the ships sailing from the United States to the Far East first came from Europe, and may possibly have carried cargo from Europe to the Orient, a little less than a tenth of the American Far Eastern tonnage is placed in the European column

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all countries, which it was estimated would pass through it the first year.

PANAMA CANAL TRAFFIC TO AND FROM THE UNITED STATES

	Estimated Net Ship Tons.	Actual Net Ship Tons for the Past Canal Year.
Coastwise	1,000,000	1,512,000
Pacific coast of United States (and Canada) with Europe	1,100,000	635,000
United States with South America	700,000	1,010,000
United States with the Orient	1,900,000	600,000
Total tonnage to and from the United States	4,700,000	3,757,000

In view of the abnormal conditions produced by the war and of the fact that these figures are based upon the opening twelve months of the Canal, before commerce had become fully accustomed to the new route, the showing for American trade is most satisfactory. In the coastwise traffic and that with South America the United States has already greatly surpassed the official estimates. To and from South America it has furnished almost twice as much ship tonnage as Europe, although it was estimated that Europe would furnish six times as much as the United States. In the commerce between our Pacific coast and Europe the falling off is due to Europe's failure in exports, since three times as many ships sailed from the Pacific seaboard to Europe as came from Europe in return. In the trade to the Far East the United States has practically monopolized all of the commerce which passed through Panama; while, if the ship tonnage for each of the twelve months had equaled that of the past July (128,280 tons), the total for the year would be over 1,500,000 tons.

RESULTS AND OUTLOOK

The falling off in the expected Canal tonnage, which is so largely due to Europe, is amply explained by the war. Even on the old, well-established route through Suez it has reduced the number of ships by considerably over one-third. During the first eight months after hostilities broke out, the most recent period for which official statistics are available, the ships passing through Suez numbered 2,034, as compared with 3,354 for the previous year, a loss of nearly forty per cent. The effect of the war upon Panama would naturally be much greater than this, since traffic had been adjusted to the Suez route for many years.

Even with the present reduced tonnage, the Canal is paying all running expenses and earning something in addition towards the interest on the Panama bonds. According to the official Canal records, the tolls for the twelve months of the Government's fiscal year from July 1, 1914, to July 1, 1915, amounted to $230,833.21 more than the cost of operation and maintenance.

If the cost, however, of digging away the slides which have occurred in Culebra Cut since the formal opening of the Canal had been charged to the construction instead of to the maintenance of the Canal, these twelve months would show a profit of considerably over a million dolars above the actual expenses of operation.

Had there been no war, it would have taken international trade a year or two to adjust itself to such a radically new route as that through Panama. It should be remembered that the estimates which have been quoted really refer to the average ship tonnage using the Canal during the first two years. In the case of Suez, the tonnage increased between four and five hundred per cent during the first five years after its opening. At Panama a remarkable monthly increase has already taken place, as is shown by the following table:

SHIPS PASSING THROUGH THE PANAMA CANAL

August	24 (half month)	February	92
September	57	March	136
October	84	April	119
November	92	May	141
December	99	June	143
January	98	July	170

The number of ships which passed through Panama in July is 298 per cent of the number in September, the first full month after the opening of the Canal. There is every reason to believe that this rapid increase will be continued. As it is, 1,317 vessels, with a net ship tonnage of 4,596,644 tons, went through Panama the first twelve months, which is nearly three times the number of vessels and over ten times the tonnage which passed through the Suez Canal the first year after it was opened in 1870.

If the traffic for July alone, the last full month of the Canal year, should be taken as a basis for calculation, and a falling off from the normal trade of forty per cent, as at Suez, should be allowed on account of the war, then the net ship tonnage passing through Panama has already not merely equaled but even somewhat exceeded the official estimates.

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UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION, EMPLOYER

BY TYLER DENNETT

THE United States Steel Corporation, through its four subsidiary companies in the State of Minnesota, acts as employer to from 13,000 to 18,000 men. The Corporation operates two railways—the Duluth, Missabe, and Northern, and the Duluth and Iron Range; it mines the greater part of all the ore required for its various plants throughout the country through the Oliver Iron Mining Company, and is just beginning the manufacture of steel at the new plant of the Minnesota Steel Company at Duluth.

What are the principles and what is the spirit which underlie the Corporation's relations to its employees in this region? There is no reason to suppose that these relations are fundamentally different here from those generally in force throughout the other subsidiary companies.

The field selected affords peculiarly favorable conditions for observation. Clear and for the most part undisputed information is easily accessible, for labor conditions are normal. The State has a system of enlightened social and industrial legislation supported by an awakened public opinion, so that one has, to begin with, certain minimum standards by which to judge the facts. Furthermore, the beginning of the development of the iron industry on a large scale in this region was almost coincident with the formation of the United States Steel Corporation. What the Corporation has done in Minnesota is what it does freely when unhindered by conditions which it did not create. Everything related to the industry in this region is comparatively new.

I have observed the subject from the angles of safety, sanitation, housing, wages, hours of labor, and industrial democracy. In the light of the information and impressions thus classified, I ask, Is there, in these relations between employer and employees, the element of stability?

SAFETY

A few years ago a committee representing the Minnesota subsidiary companies went to Chicago to attend a Safety Convention of the Illinois Steel Company, with instructions to listen, investigate, and report. Such a convention, by the way, with its visiting delegations, is illustrative of the method by which the various companies are bound together in such matters. The Bureau of Safety, Sanitation, and Welfare at the New York office of the Steel Corporation was a brand-new cog in the corporate machinery four years ago, having replaced a Safety Committee which had been organized in 1908. This Bureau acts as a central station in obtaining information on these subjects and disseminating it among the companies. It seeks to direct and promote just such conferences as that one in Chicago.

The Minnesota committee at that Chicago Convention witnessed something which made so great an impression that I heard the story in Duluth and on the Range from half a dozen sources, although it happened several years ago. The Convention was discussing how to prevent the bursting of blisters in the white-hot metal as it is being passed through the rolling-mill. Such accidents, though not frequent, had been serious. They were making little headway with the problem until one man said: "The only way to stop a blister when it has once started is to stop the mill."

"But that will cost a great deal of money," exclaimed another.

"Never mind that," put in the chairman, with a little impatience. "We are here to prevent accidents, not to cut costs. Let's order that under such circumstances the mill be stopped." And ordered it was.

"Can it be," pondered the visiting committee, "that the Corporation expects us to put safety before costs?" They went back to Duluth and made their report, having breathed deeply of a strange, new atmosphere.

Very soon a new-fangled institution called a Safety Committee appeared up on the Range and began a tour of the mines.

"Do you fellows think we are butchers?" asked the superintendents. "We don't hurt people just for the fun of it." These men resented the suggestion that they were not giving sufficient attention to the safety of their men. Nevertheless, the committee sent in over nine hundred suggestions to the presi-

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MORGAN PARK, DULUTH—THE NEW INDUSTRIAL TOWN OF THE MINNESOTA STEEL COMPANY

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dent of the mining company. When he read this report, he was something more than mildly excited. He felt just the way his superintendents had felt toward that Safety Committee, so he jumped into his car and rushed up to the Range to see about it. When he returned, he was equally perturbed. He wanted to know why he had not been informed of such matters before. No one realized, until outside committees began to go into the mines and shops, the utter inability of the men at work to recognize the dangers of details to which they had long been accustomed.

The foremen objected to many of the safety measures. They said: "If we have to stop to bother with all this foolishness, our output will fall off. Then you will discharge us as inefficient."

"Do as you are told," was the reply. Now the foremen receive monthly comparative statements showing, not how many tons of ore they have mined for every man under them, but how many accidents they have had. This means that the foremen are set to competing, not to save time, but to save fingers, eyes, legs, lives. Last year the different mines reduced their accidents from twenty per cent to fifty per cent. Next year they will be expected to beat this year's record. Meanwhile the careless foremen disappear from the payroll.

The workingmen received these safety rules coolly. The regulations appeared to bear the mark of the theorist, the "uplifter," and the "highbrow," none of whom are very popular with the man who puts on overalls and gets his hands dirty when he works. It was all right for the company to put safety devices on its machinery, install guard-rails, and even replace weak timbers with reinforced concrete; but why should it insist that a man run to a sheet-iron shelter whenever a blast was being fired or walk around a track that for years he had been accustomed to cross?

I was impressed, as I went through the mines and the shops, with the Corporation's definition of an accident. It means even the slightest bruise or scratch. When a man gets his finger pinched, if the pressure had been a little greater it might have been cut off. Prevent the minor injuries and many of the larger ones will never occur, is the slogan.

The biggest factor in the prevention of accidents is the employee himself. After the Corporation had installed every safety device it could find or invent, it turned its attention to the workmen. At the end of every month, when each accident is being reviewed before a safety committee, two questions are asked: How did it occur? and, How can we prevent a similar one in the future? I saw a striking illustration of the way in which they take these matters to the men. At the site of the new steel plant at Duluth the company has supplied goggles to be worn by all the workmen when engaged in any work where there is danger of flying chips. The employees are inclined to be careless. Who ever heard of wearing goggles when digging a ditch? Not long ago a man was doing just this kind of work when a piece of dirt flew up and struck his face. Luckily he was wearing the goggles and the dirt only broke the lens, saving his eye. The company promptly photographed the man in the ditch with his broken goggle and posted pictures of him on all the bulletin boards, stating his name, the time, and the place. Any one can, and will, take time to look at a picture.

At the same plant it is forbidden for a man to attempt to remove a speck from his brother's eye. (Excellent authority for this.) A dirty finger might cause an infection. Such things have happened, and there is a doctor waiting over there in the emergency hospital whose duty it is to remove specks as well as to set broken legs. I know of another plant where, after more than five miles of guard railings had been installed, they set one man to watch ten other men to see that they did not get under the wheels of a car which might possibly be started without due warning. This is quite different from hiding behind the old "fellow-servant clause."

The Corporation has gone far beyond the letter or even the spirit of the State safety laws. Up in one of the mines I saw an engineer, a graduate of the Michigan School of Mines, at work classifying and charting the accidents of that district for the past month. He was attacking them from at least twenty different angles: causes, preventable or unpreventable, time of day, time lost, place, part of body injured, nationality, literacy, marital condition, length of service, and comparisons with preceding months, years, and with other mines. When he finished those tables and charts, they were immediately available for the use of every other mine on the Range, even for the independent companies. There is no copyright on the Corporation's safety ideas.

Space does not permit me to describe

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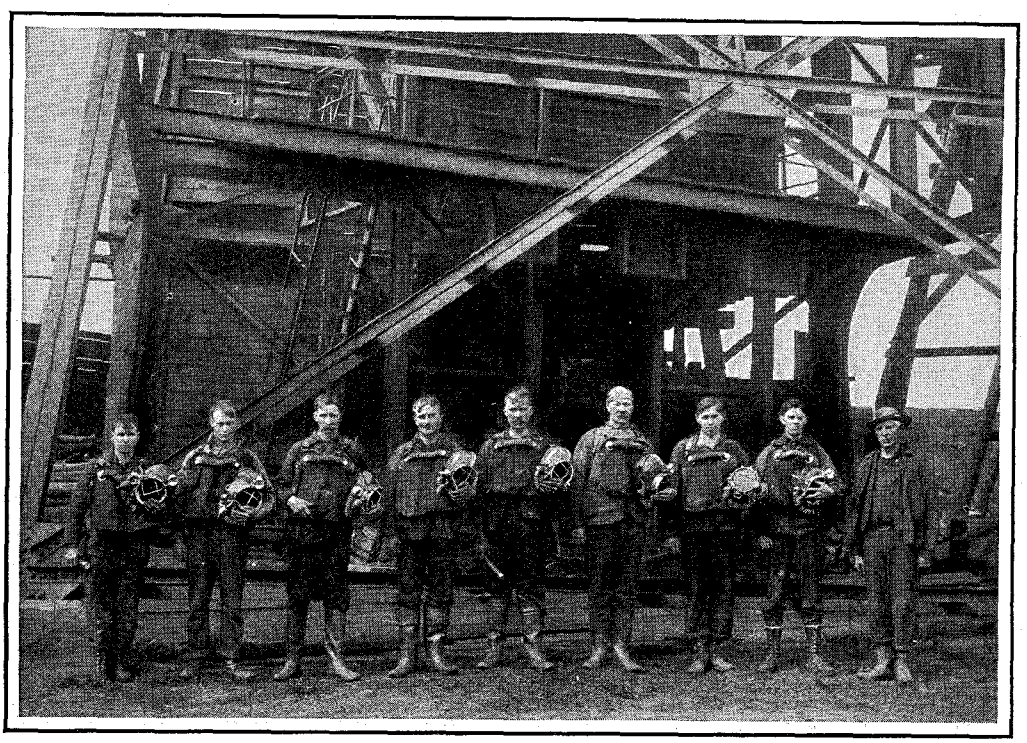
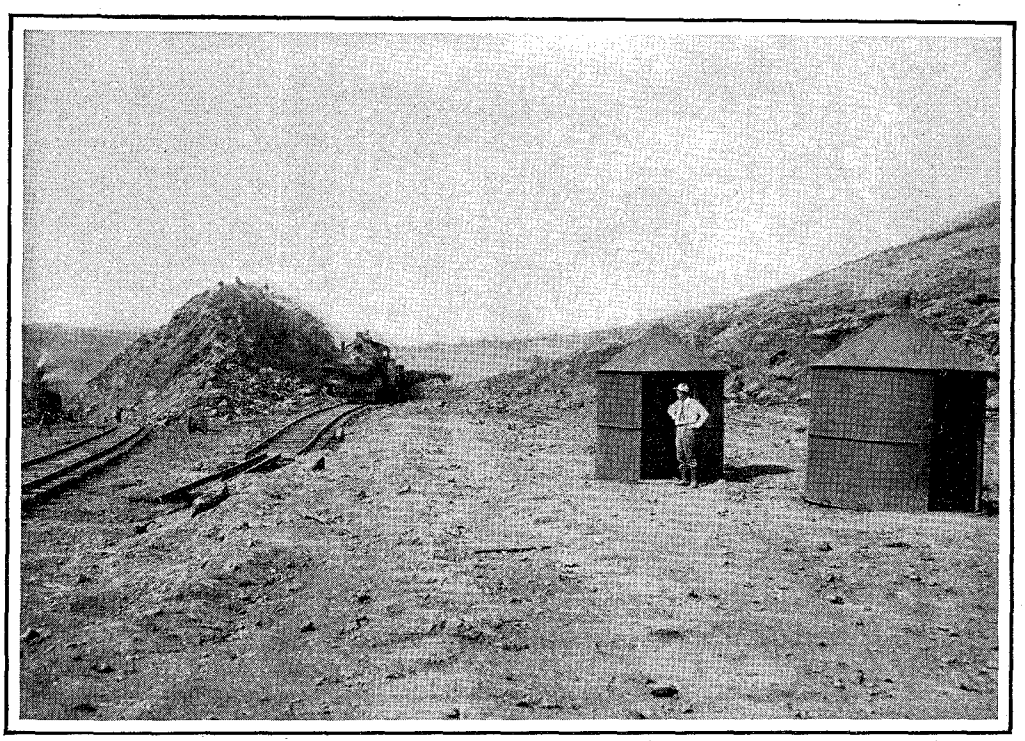


MINE RESCUE CREW, EQUIPPED, TRAINED, AND DIRECTED BY THE MINING COMPANY ITSELF

These men, as photographed, have just come out of a mine in which they were fighting fire



SHELTERS PROVIDED FOR WORKERS DURING BLASTING IN OPEN-PIT MINES

The men are required to go to these shelters whenever a blast is to be fired

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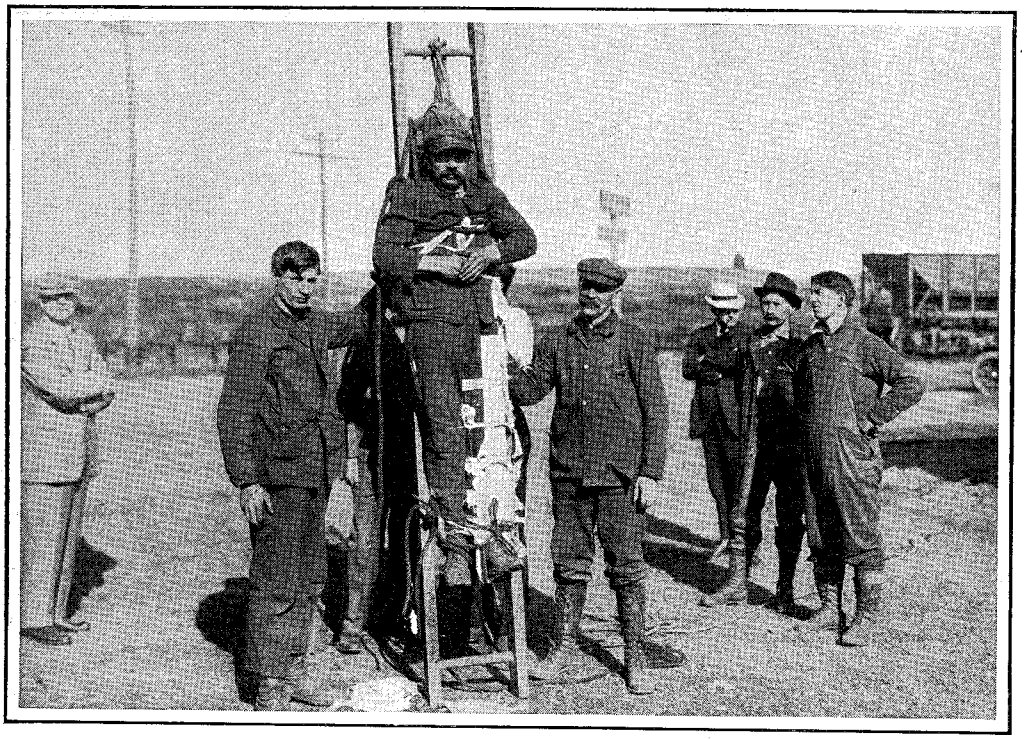
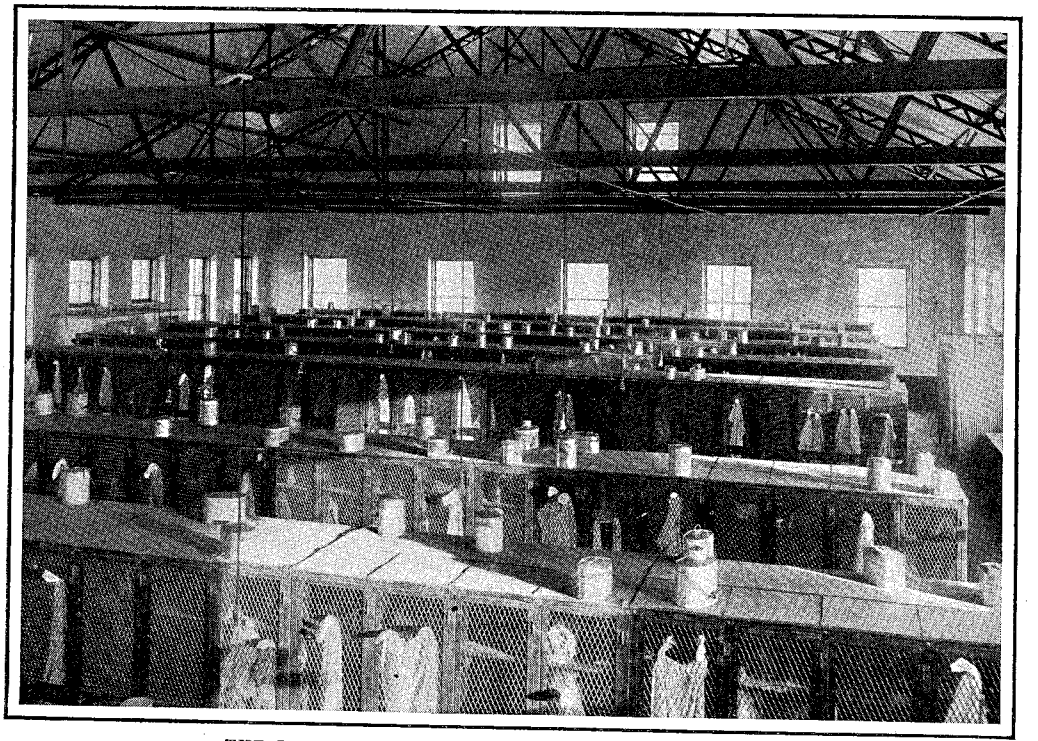


THE FIRST AID TRAINING OF THE MINERS APPLIED TO A POSSIBLE VICTIM OF ACCIDENT

The training is so universal that when an accident happens there are always at hand some men who know just what to do until the doctor comes. The picture shows the use of an improvised stretcher



THE INTERIOR OF A "DRY"—A MINER'S WASH-HOUSE

"The lockers, plumbing, and sanitation are as good as those of a well-equipped golf club"

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other interesting phases of this work—the first-aid training, first-aid teams, or the rescue work.

"Don't write this up in a sentimental way," protested one of the higher officials of the Corporation. "It's a business proposition. It is cheaper and wiser to spend money to prevent accidents than to spend it in settling claims." I have seen the figures and know the truth of this statement. There is now a compensation law in Minnesota, and the Corporation carries its own insurance. It ought to be added, however, that this safety work of which I have been writing antedates the State law by several years.

Another reason why this elaborate safety programme does not show in an increased cost of production is that, parallel with it, there has gone a general campaign for efficiency. The new Minnesota Steel Plant has been planned with two ideals in view—safety and economy. "It will be almost impossible for a man to get his finger burned here," remarked one of the foremen in the rolling-mill. I saw 2,100 feet of platform, with the necessary railing and tow-boards, which had been put up to keep six men out of danger. I saw an asbestos shelter being constructed for men who have to work near the molten metal. Any one familiar with the old-fashioned steel plant knows what a departure from the old order this represents.

I investigated the housing and sanitation on the properties of the Corporation in detail. The more recently constructed wash-houses —"dries," the miners call them—are of reinforced concrete; they are well-lighted, steam-heated buildings with ventilated steel lockers, shower-baths, laundry tubs, individual porcelain wash-basins with plumbing such as one looks for and sometimes does not find in New York apartments. They suggest the locker rooms of a well-furnished golf club. They are far cleaner and more sanitary than those of any college gymnasium I knew of fifteen years ago. Some of the men with whom I talked seemed rather skeptical about the wisdom of installing such extra-good sanitary equipment. The Steel Corporation seems to believe, quite aside from any slight differences of opinion as to details, that, other things being equal, the better workmen will stick to the company that offers the best facilities for cleanliness. Trachoma has been almost entirely eliminated from among the employees by sanitary precautions in the wash-houses.

The Duluth, Missabe, and Northern Railroad builds dwelling-houses and sells them to its employees, carrying the deferred payments over the slack season of employment when necessary. At the mines the houses for the employees are of a more or less temporary nature, to be occupied only so long as the neighboring mine is being worked. These houses are good, always having a yard and a garden, and rent at from $6 to $10 a month. The company insists upon certain minimum standards of living, watches the sanitation with care, and permits no liquor to come onto the "location." These houses are as good as the average for the towns near which they are located, better than those maintained by some other companies, and the rents are far below what private landlords demand. The worst feature of the housing around the mines is the squatter's home, fearfully and wonderfully made, where the single men and some families prefer to herd together with a minimum of everything from expense to sanitation.

The Minnesota Steel Company has now half completed a model village for its employees. Morgan Park, as it is called, is to be the last word in the planning and construction of an industrial town. The houses are built of concrete blocks with a diversified architecture and every modern convenience. The streets of the village, which is really a part of the city of Duluth, follow the contour lines of a hill which slopes down to the river; the grading and placing of trees and shrubbery has been under the direction of skillful landscape gardeners. No sanitary or æsthetic detail has been neglected. Here also the houses are rented for very much less than other houses of the same number of rooms in the city.

Again the necessity of the employer and the welfare of the employee have met. This whole region is remote from the labor market. To obtain good labor and keep it suitable provision must be made for housing the employees.

WAGES AND HOURS OF LABOR

I was prepared to find that low rents and bath-houses might mean low wages, but I was happily disappointed. Common labor ranges from $2.25, the minimum at the mines for a ten-hour day, to $2.85 for a ten-hour night late in the fall at the ore docks. In one of the towns where the Corporation pays $2.25 I saw other men, more highly skilled, working in a sawmill for $1.75. In fact, the

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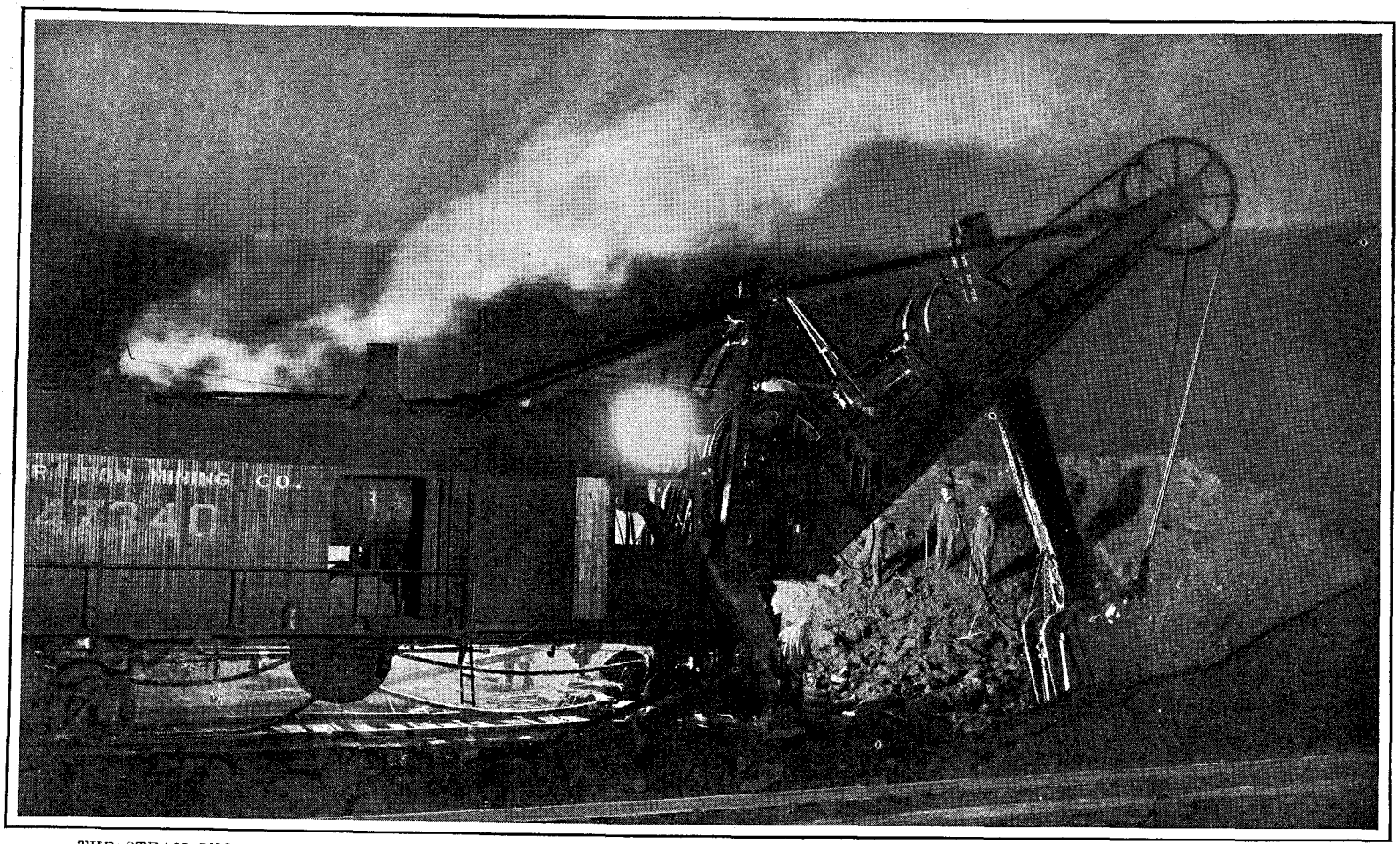

THE STEAM SHOVELS USED IN THE OPEN-PIT MINES ARE ALL LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY—A PART OF THE SAFETY PROGRAMME

"Open-pit" mining is peculiar to Minnesota. The surface is stripped off, tracks are run in, and the ore shoveled up. The possibility of doing mining in this way greatly reduces cost and increases the value of mines. The shovels are equipped for night work. One of these great shovels will load a fifty-ton car with iron ore in about ten minutes

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worst "cursing out" I heard the Steel Corporation receive was not from an employee, but from an employer who was incensed to think that the Corporation would force up the price of labor and maintain the high rate when labor is plentiful.

It must be remembered in discussing wages that much of the employment is seasonal. The closing of navigation on the Lakes cuts five months out of the working year for the ore-dock laborers, most of the railway men, and the open-pit miners. During this slack season very many men must seek employment elsewhere. I believe that the Steel Corporation makes an honest effort to supply winter work for its employees. Conditions are by no means satisfactory in this regard in all of the outdoor industries in northern Minnesota, but the entrance of the Steel Corporation has undoubtedly acted as a stabilizing influence, for it offers a greater degree of continuous employment than was ever known before.

The ten-hour day is uniform, except for the railways and the underground miners. Two years ago the eight-hour day was given to the latter. One superintendent told me that the miners do as much work in eight hours as they formerly did in ten. There is no Sunday work at the mines and very little on the railways. The new steel plant is to operate on a basis of one day rest in seven for all those employed in continuous operations. The plan is already in force in one department.

Outside the employees of the Steel Corporation the eight-hour day is well established in Duluth. Only in this matter of hours of labor do I find that the Corporation sets a lower than the highest standard for the region in the treatment of its employees. Even here the choice for the workingman is between the longer hours with other exceptionally good conditions and shorter hours with employers who offer less certainty of steady employment as well as other unfavorable terms.

Are there any indications that the United States Steel Corporation is facing that one question now uppermost in the minds of the laboring men the country over—industrial democracy? Yes, a few. Organized labor, excepting the railway Brotherhoods, is not recognized, and yet it exerts no little influence on the Corporation regulations in many ways. I know that the instructions went out to the various presidents more than four years ago to see to it that their employees have conditions as good as, or better than, those maintained by organized labor in the same regions.

I found one machine-shop with a shop committee organized to represent the interests of the men before the foreman. The latter told me that it works very well. That is democracy, at least in a limited application. The shop rules for the railways contain typical union clauses, limiting the number of apprentices and defining the kind of labor they shall be permitted to do. These rules are revised each year with a view to including in them all the advantages for the employees which are afforded in any similar shop, organized or unorganized. Nearly all the men in this shop belong to unions. In fact, this shop of which I speak has practically union conditions, with the exception of the eight-hour day, "time and a half for overtime and double time for Sundays," and the recognition of the union. The spirit of industrial democracy is there.

The general principles governing the relation of the Corporation as employer to its employees, which have been approved by the Board of Directors, make possible a much wider application of the principles of industrial democracy than I found in most of the places I visited. I see three separate and distinct lines of education going on within the Corporation. In the first place, not all of the men higher up are entirely sympathetic with the usual demands of the laboring man. These men are being educated. By no means all of the employees appreciate or understand the spirit of good will which it is the policy of the Corporation to cultivate. They have to be educated. Another class of men—the bosses, foremen, and those under whom the employees directly work—are not all equally quick to catch the vision which is passed down to them. They served their time and climbed up out of the ranks when a different order was in vogue. I did not find these men, speaking generally, very sympathetic toward anything which looks toward democracy. In the last analysis, the whole labor policy of the Corporation hinges on these men. They also are being educated. At present the general policy is broader than its usual application.

For instance, the Bureau of Safety, Sanitation, and Welfare recommends that a series of safety committees be organized in each plant or mine, beginning with the lowest-paid employee. With the exception of the railways,

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I did not see that any safety committees had been organized below the foremen and bosses. The superintendents at the mines told me that it is in the interests of efficiency in this safety work to localize the responsibility. A workingmen's committee made up of half a dozen different languages would. doubtless, be awkward and possibly not very useful. It would, however, be democratic, carrying with it the educational advantages which democracy brings, and it is only a step from a safety committee of this sort to a pit committee or a shop committee such as I saw in the one place mentioned.

On the other hand, there is a real spirit of democracy even at the mines where the spirit is least organized. The superintendents and foremen make a real effort to meet all the employees in a friendly, neighborly way, avoiding all that savors of paternalism. Every man higher up is expected to keep the door open to the man below him. Those are the orders, and they are faithfully carried out.

I saw one instance which shows how a general policy issuing from the New York office goes astray before it reaches the employee, and also shows the uncertainty of arriving at justice between two parties when one of them is entirely unrepresented.

It was not expected, until within a few months, to complete the new steel plant for another year. Suddenly orders arrived from New York directing that the plant be ready for operation by November 1. The situation called for a large increase in the working force. At the same time the officials did not wish to issue a call for men, which might result in attracting to Duluth a large number of laborers who would find only four months' employment, and then be laid off in cold weather when the plant is completed. They attempted to add to their force only as many men as could be retained in permanent employment when the plant begins to operate. Still the work lagged, and they faced the choice between employing more men temporarily or working the regular force extra time. They chose the latter course; wisely it seems to me.

At the same time no recognition was made of the fact that when men work seventy and eighty hours a week they are entitled to more than proportionate extra compensation. When a man works sixty hours a week and then works fifteen or twenty hours more in that same week, the extra time costs him more effort than the same number of hours in the earlier part of the week. Organized labor contends for "time and a half for overtime and double time for Sundays." Some recognition of that principle in this emergency would appear to have been only fair. Had there been at the plant a plant committee made up of employees with authority to present their requests, collectively, to the superintendent, I have no doubt that they would have asked for extra compensation. The most charitable explanation of this apparent injustice is that the officers were so intent on the completion of the plant that they partially forgot the welfare of their workmen. Such slips are always possible when the workmen have no collective representation.

Is there at present any inflammable material in the relations between the Steel Corporation and its employees in Minnesota which might suddenly burst out in a second Colorado trouble? Is there ferment or irritation? Although I was very careful to go where I might hear the worst that could be said against the Steel Corporation, I was unable to find indications of anything but good will. The employees appear to be contented to a degree which would make the organizing of labor unions practically impossible. A prominent and widely respected labor leader went further and said, after confirming the truth of my impressions: "I should even regret to see the Range organized at present. Miners are a reckless lot. They might tear loose and do more damage than good." This gentleman is none the less a believer in organized labor. He feels that the eight-hour day must come, and that wages must be increased to compensate for the seasonal employment, but he wishes to see the labor organizations of the Range, if there are to be any, linked up with some of the more conservative trade organizations.

The United States Steel Corporation moves slowly, as large bodies must, and yet it is alert—alert not so much to prevent trouble as to cultivate good will. Reduced to its lowest terms, the situation is this: the Corporation offers employment with many favorable conditions; the workingman can take it or leave it. Its conditions of employment in northern Minnesota are sufficiently favorable to win the loyalty and co-operation of the employees to a truly remarkable degree. The Steel Corporation regards its labor policy, not as benevolence or conciliation, but as sound business.

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KEEPING PHYSICALLY FIT

HOW TO CONSERVE ONE'S PHYSICAL EFFICIENCY BY RATIONAL METHODS

BY WILLIAM J. CROMIE

THE first thing to consider in keeping physically fit is in looking forward to the welfare of the succeeding generation. In other words, one should be well born.

This being well born, or the new movement called "eugenics," is an application of the modern science to improve the race. It is not, as some seem to think, anything like the old Spartan practice of infanticide, but, as the Greek derivation of the word shows, the science of right breeding. Sir Francis Galton invented the word to express his ideal for founding a world movement to improve mankind. Eugenics does not propose to do violence to any humanitarian or Christian effort, nor does it sanction "compulsory or government-made marriages." It does, however, advocate proper mating and love marriages. When men and women come to see and admire, as in ancient Greece, that which is physically perfect, they will fall in love on that basis, and not through ambition to acquire property or title. The farmer selects the best seed for propagation and the best live stock for breeding. In like manner, intelligent thought should be given to the birth and rearing of the child. Parents should be well mated, healthy, and strong in order to produce vigorous children.

If a child's bodily foundation is weakened on account of heredity, it means that much of its future life will be spent in propping up and fortifying weak parts in order to ward off a tendency to sickness and disease, and, in some cases, even to live. The child's fitness up to the time it is capable of doing things for itself should be governed by its parents. Special pains should be taken to inform the child concerning things of a sexual nature. If the parent does not impart this knowledge, then it will come from the street or some other vicious or questionable quarter. This so-called modesty is farcical, and is nothing short of criminal negligence. Rather than omit this duty entirely I should even advocate that a father inform his daughter and a mother her son.

Some claim that a little knowledge is dangerous, but in sex hygiene the parent should not stop with partial instruction enough to cause inquisitiveness, but should discuss the subject thoroughly and with tact. If to be forewarned is to be forearmed, then let us give the child those implements of warfare in the form of sound and wholesome advice, experience which we adults have gained in the hard and exacting school of experience, in order that the child may be able to defend itself against immoral contagion. The saying, "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," is misleading, because the American child is wise concerning things of a sexual character in most cases before he reaches his teens.

The American parent, as a rule, does not teach the child, and so the subject of sexual hygiene should be taught in the school or college. I would not for a moment, however, advocate that the ordinary teacher impart this knowledge. Just as specially trained physical directors and medical inspectors are employed in the school system, so should sexual hygiene be taught by a specialist. Systematic instruction in sexual hygiene would go far to solve our present and complex divorce problem. The granting of divorces has been growing steadily for the past decade. In the community at large there is a divorce for every eleven marriages. Among graduates of women's colleges the percentage of divorces has been very low. In Smith College only one in eighty-seven graduates has gone through the divorce courts, and Vassar claims an even smaller percentage. It is true, also, that the percentage of divorces among men graduates is less than among men in general. Scarcely any college class has a divorce for each eleven marriages, and any list of alumni as a whole is far below the general average.

If sexual hygiene were taught to our children in school or in college, they would avoid those follies of youth that are so apt to produce a life of disease and distress ever after. Dr. Charles W. Eliot, ex-President of Harvard, believes that in order to prevent disasters to the young which arise from ignorance, systematic instruction should be given. "The policy of silence," says Dr. Eliot, "has failed

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everywhere. If any one protests that this educational process will abolish innocence and make a matter of common talk the tenderest and most intimate concerns in human life, let him consider that virtue, and not innocence, is manifestly God's object and end for humanity."

The next condition in keeping fit is the formation and cultivation of proper habits. There are so many theories concerning our dietary that one is apt to become confused. Some advocate fasting from one to thirty days; others believe that we cannot eat too much; while still others favor diets exclusively of flesh or vegetables or raw foods. While the statement of Thomas Jefferson, that "no man, when he comes to die, will ever repent of having eaten too little," is very true, still the fasting enthusiast is usually an extremist and may do irreparable injury to his nervous system. Upton Sinclair and other writers have recently so eulogized the fast that it has almost become a fad, and a dangerous one at that, especially when employed without careful medical advice and supervision.

Food is an essential to life and the body is constantly using up material. If food is withheld, the body will consume itself, and thereby lose weight. The effects of this consumption of the body tissues to supply the necessary demand for food are well known among the medical profession, for they have been carefully studied in certain diseases in which the body consumes itself, such as diabetes. In advanced stages of this disease the body lacks the ability to utilize ordinary food to such a degree that for the maintenance of life it is compelled to draw upon the muscles and other tissues for sustenance. The studies that have been made of these conditions have shown that whenever the body is compelled to feed upon itself certain deadly poisons are formed which have a most deleterious effect, and, when produced in sufficient quantity, result in death. A rest of the digestive apparatus for a meal, or even a day, may produce good results in certain stages of obesity or in indigestion, but the better plan would be to reduce the amount and the kind of food. Why should one throw away forty or fifty pounds of good sound tissue for the purpose of eliminating two pounds of waste? The price is too great and too dangerous.

Woods Hutchinson, M.D., claims that the body does not absorb more wholesome food than is good for it, and that what is not needed is thrown off by the organs of elimination. He epigrammatically claims that "man, biologically considered, is nothing but a stomach and its appendages. The stomach is the real seat of the emotions and the physiologic home of the soul. As with money on a journey, to have enough you must always have too much." Solomon was a wise old man and put overeating (gluttony) and drunkenness in the same class, stating that these would result in poverty (Prov. xxiii. 21). Overeating, like any other bad habit, grows on one, and Holy Writ again informs us that Esau sold his birthright for a bowl of pottage. Just think of a man selling his inheritance for one over-indulgence at the festive board! In overeating where can one draw the line, or how much may he eat? Too much of anything is *too much*, and especially is this true of eating, as can be seen in the increase of diseases due to faulty metabolism or errors of eating, while contagious diseases are decreasing.

Dr. Hutchinson further contends that the frugal poor have the highest death rate, owing to the dangers of underfeeding. The mortality of the poor is greater than among the more fortunate. Undereating may raise the death rate, but improper eating of greasy, ill-prepared foods, together with an unhygienic, congested environment, is much more responsible for this condition.

Sir Lauder Brunton says: "More people in this country [England] shorten their lives by overeating than by starvation, and an unnecessary excess of animal food not only leads to physical disorders but to an irritable and irascible frame of mind." This is just as true in America. No sensible person will refute the statement that overactivity of an organ may be followed by its exhaustion. This is what happens when great quantities of food are eaten. The stomach, liver, kidneys, pancreas, and intestines become exhausted, and then, instead of eliminating certain poisons, throw them out into the system, causing disease. The proverb of the early Romans, "Everything in excess becomes a vice," is especially applicable to over eating and drinking.

Dr. Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood, in his report on the autopsy of Thomas Parr, who is said to have lived to the age of one hundred and fifty-two years and nine months, attributed his death to the change from a frugal diet of cheese, milk in every form, and coarse hard bread, to the rich feeding he received in London. The peasant

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life free from care, owing to its simplicity, contributed to his very long life, or, as Harvey pithily put it, "Sorry fare, but free from care."

In contrast to Parr, Conarro became ill at forty through immoderate living. He recovered his health by reducing his food to the necessary amount only, and then lived happy and healthy to one hundred years. Horace Fletcher and others have recovered their health through moderation in eating after having come near to death by excesses.

Professor Bouchard, the eminent French physiologist, shows that combustion in the body gives rise eventually to the same products as burning outside of the body, that the system is a great factory of poisons. The burning of bread, potatoes, or fat in a furnace produces not only heat but smoke, ashes, and possibly imperfectly consumed products. The same products are found when foods are burned in the body. Poisonous gases such as carbon dioxide are carried off by the lungs. The ashes are carried off by the kidneys, while imperfectly burned products corresponding to the cinders, ashes, and clinkers of coal or wood may be left in the tissues, causing mischief later. A fire choked with ashes, as with overeating, does not draw well and burns with difficulty. These may result in one becoming overfat. I cannot see the sense of carrying around fifty or more pounds of "excess baggage"—superfluous flesh. The fire may go out for two causes. Either it needs fuel, as in fasting, or it is choked, as in overeating.

All articles of diet can be classified into three principal groups: proteids, carbohydrates, and fats.

If the average man weighing one hundred and fifty pounds requires about sixty grammes (two ounces) of protein a day, the hardest-working person would not require more than double that amount, or four ounces. According to these figures, we are nearly all eating too much protein, and with serious results. The proteins are the structure-builders of the body. They compare with the iron and steel that are used from time to time to repair the engine and replace worn parts of the locomotive, while the starches, fats, and sugars are the coal that feeds it. The body is unable to store up proteins. When one eats more of this substance than is daily required to replenish the waste of the body, it must be immediately split up in the system, and its irritating ashes (poisons) carried off by the eliminating organs. The overeating of sugars, starches, or fats is not such a serious matter, because they may accumulate as fat or add extra fuel to the fires of the body.

One may not overeat in the amount of food and still be overfed in proteins. The low protein diet is better, as it favors recovery from many diseases, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, sick headaches, biliousness, and many forms of indigestion and constipation. It also increases the resistance of the body to disease and other poisonous influences. As so little protein is required in our dietary, we can very profitably dispense with meat entirely, especially in the summer-time. Meat may be replaced by milk, which in healthy stomachs and intestines is very easily absorbed. Again, milk contains in a wonderful combination all the three main groups of foods.

Proper chewing of food is one of the great secrets of good digestion. I believe in "Fletcherism," but not to the extent of chewing the food till it becomes liquid, or, as some one has said, "till it swallows itself." Chewing can be overdone, if it involves rejecting or refusing to swallow bits of fruit, vegetable, or cereal pulp that cannot be completely liquefied. The cellulose matter contained in food is quite necessary in order to increase intestinal activity. Foods, such as meats, which are completely digested and leave no residue are constipating. One's diet should consist of a laxative and a bulky food. Those of a laxative nature are baked apples, pears, tomatoes, barley, cherries, grapes, prunes, peaches, strawberries, raspberries, currants, green corn, figs, dates, oatmeal, plums, grapefruit, and rhubarb. Foods which contain bulk and relieve constipation are lettuce, celery, carrots, turnips, raw cabbage, asparagus, cauliflower, and sterilized bran. Foods which are both bulky and laxative are whole-wheat bread, spinach, dandelion, and pine-apples. We need bulk just as the horse requires hay. Too much chewing (Fletcherizing) or a too concentrated diet will make a man, like a horse, "go stale."

The diet of the "faddist" should be cautiously approached and would be better shunned. The normal appetite is a trustworthy guide, and what one craves is usually what one ought to have. The Eskimo, for instance, requires an enormous amount of hydrocarbons in order to keep up bodily heat, and so he consumes great quantities of seal oil and whale blubber. In contrast, the inhabitant of the tropical climate finds heat-

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producing food superfluous, and subsists largely on fruits and grains. If the child demands candy, it should be supplied in a wholesome form, such as sugar and fruit.

The most practical diet for the system is a little of everything, and not too much of any one article of food. Chew the food thoroughly and omit those things which experience has shown to be harmful. It requires about four hours to digest a meal, and we should not eat oftener than every six hours, in order to give the digestive apparatus a couple of hours' rest; and a ten-minute rest before and after a meal is a digestive aid.

Water is one of the principal bodily constituents. It is the agent for dissolving and removing waste products, and the average person should drink from six to ten glasses a day, one or two upon rising and retiring and before each meal. Too much liquid during the meal, however, dilutes the digestive juices and hampers digestion.

The best kind of physical exercise that one can indulge in is that which is pleasing, easy, beneficial, and safe. The more one enters into the spirit of the exercise, the greater the results both to mind and body. Exercise may be classified, according to age, as follows:

Bowling, cricket, golf, horseback-riding, swimming, and walking may be indulged in freely between the ages of twelve and sixty; boxing, wrestling, mountain climbing, and rowing from sixteen to forty. Calisthenics, or "free gymnastics," may be included in the first classification, as they do not unduly tax any group of muscles. Walking as an exercise is second to none, as a six-mile daily walk is equivalent to the lifting of one hundred and fifty tons one foot high from the standpoint of physics. Swimming develops every muscle, educates the co-ordinative powers, and as an accomplishment it may mean the saving of a life. Daily exercise out of doors sharpens the appetite, quickens the digestion, and increases the circulation of the blood. Outside of the realm of diet no other element has so great an influence upon bodily nutrition as exercise.

The best calisthenic movements are bending the body forward and backward from the waist line, twisting and bending from side to side, lying on the back and raising the legs and trunk to the sitting position. A good exercise is to bend forward without bending the knees and grasp the ankles. From that position rise on tiptoes, raising the arms above the head, stretch, and inhale deeply. Exercise should be carried on daily to the point of perspiration to accomplish its purpose.

A constant supply of fresh air is the most important of the needs of the human body. One would think that eating and dressing were paramount on account of the attention given them, whereas were the process of breathing interfered with for but five minutes one would die. The air should be pure as well as fresh. The problem that confronts the builder of to-day is to construct houses and public places so that the rooms may be constantly flushed with fresh, pure air. In the long ago man breathed in the open air as did other animals. Later he took to caves, these becoming more elaborate, with rooms cut out of rock; till now we have the modern apartment in all its glory. Man will never return to the primitive method of living in the open any more than he will assume the walk of the quadruped. Almost every person knows that stagnant water is impure and will refuse to drink it under ordinary circumstances. Stagnant air is just as harmful, yet few people insist in like manner on refusing it. From four to five hours should be spent in the open air daily when possible. As most of us in the cities cannot do this, our sleeping apartments should have a constant supply of fresh air. The sleeping porch, sleeping with the head out of the window, the use of the window tent and other devices, will be employed for fresh-air sleeping if we realize that we need pure air and then use our ingenuity to get it.

In order to keep fit one must practice daily bathing. When one stops to consider that there are about two million and a half sweat glands in the skin, and, end to end, they would form a body sewer more than ten miles long, it behooves him to keep these glands open by daily cleansing. While the skin is a protective covering for the body, it is also a functioning organ, as it is richly supplied with blood-vessels and nerves that exert a powerful influence upon the body for health or disease.

The cool bath taken in the morning after a little exercise is a tonic to the entire system. It is one of the best-known methods to avoid colds. By frequent cold baths the skin becomes accustomed to the low temperature, and drafts or sudden exposures are unable to disturb the circulation of the blood. There is no one curative agency better for neurasthenia than cold-water bathing. The neurotic

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patient, however, should take the bath, if anæmic or under weight, in a well-heated room, and just a dash of water in the tub, and but for a second or two if using a shower-bath. The method I like best on account of time and efficiency is to kneel forward in a bath-tub and pour a pitcher of water upon the back of the neck and allow it to run down the spine. Then bend backward and pour it on the chest. If one feels chilly, or the lips appear blue, the bath has been too cold and should be tempered to the requirements of each individual constitution. Some think they cannot learn to take the cold bath, but I have known very weak persons do so, with marked results, by following the method I describe here. Begin to take the morning bath in July with water as it comes from the water-pipes. Continue this daily all summer and fall and you will find that you have gradually become hardened to the effects of the water as it slowly becomes colder during the fall months.

There are certain forms of organic trouble when the cold bath would be undesirable, and the advice of the family physician should always be sought in those cases.

In chronic fatigue, in neurasthenia, or in physical or mental exhaustion, the body requires rest. Rest, then, is an excellent way to alleviate fatigue, as moderation in work is the best way to avoid overfatigue. Letting up on one's work or complete cessation of work will not always bring the desired results, as the cause will have to be found and combated. Overeating, indulging in a too high proteid diet, free drinking of alcoholic liquors, tea, coffee, using condiments, tobacco, patent medicines, and failure to secure exercise, bathing, rest, and sleep are causes of poisons.

The air in the bedroom should be as cool and pure as possible, and the bedclothes should never be put over the mouth. A night spent in a room that is too warm never gives the feeling of freshness and comfort that follows a sleep in a cool room. The sleep is likely to be fitful, and one will arise with a feeling of heaviness in the head and a sensation of languor throughout the body. Persons suffering with insomnia should devote their evenings to light occupations, avoiding visits to places that cause any source of undue pressure on the nervous system. People who lead a sedentary life should take a walk after supper. A warm bath before retiring will tend to induce sleep, and often a hot foot-bath will be found sufficient. Those who suffer from insomnia should not eat a hearty supper, for an overburdened stomach tends to produce nightmare. I have often induced sleep by tiring the eye. This may be done by gazing upward for some time, as if one were trying to see the forehead. Bags or pillows stuffed with pine needles or hops are soothing and tend to induce sleep.

The ideal sleeping posture is that in which the body reclines on the right side. Sleeping on the back, especially in the fore part of the night, causes mouth-breathing, snoring, nightmare, dry throat, and prevents the free flow of blood from the head. One should learn to sleep, by turns, first on the right side, then on the left, the back, and finally the abdomen. The sleeping apartment should be dark and free from any disturbing noises. In health one requires about eight hours' sleep, while the neurotic or anæmic should have from eight to twelve. If the body gets the right amount of rest, it possesses the power of automatic repair. An occasional vacation from business is beneficial. One day of real rest is necessary in order to keep the human mechanism in good working condition for the week's work. Saturday should be a national holiday given over to sports, recreation, and pleasure. More and better work can be performed in five days when one is physically fit than in six days when one is unfit.

Eat proper food and eat moderately. Drink water freely. Never dishonor your wife or husband. Exercise daily, if only for a walk. Avoid condiments, stimulants, and narcotics. Keep the body clean by regular habits of bathing and right thinking. Cultivate a cheerful and peaceful frame of mind. Get plenty of sleep, and control enervating emotions, like worry, fear, discontent, anger; and live a Christian life. There may be other things, but these will keep you physically fit and insure long life.

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WHAT LYONS IS DOING FOR THE WOUNDED AND THE REFUGEES

BY CLAIRE GUÉDY

IT is wonderful how much a man can do in half an hour in binding a book! The afternoon I was at the Vocational School No. 1 for Cripples in Lyons the bookbinding teacher stood beside me and showed me one of the men working on a binding which was exceedingly heavy and strong. As I looked, the man was pressing with all his might on his little stump of an arm. The teacher showed me with great pride a finished binding which the man had done, a very heavy binding, but perfectly finished, and said to me: "We don't need machines any more; our men are so clever with just their one arm."

Near him were perhaps half a dozen men working on toys; very crude toys, it is true, but it was an exceedingly interesting undertaking, for this reason—that Germany, until the present, has had the monopoly of toy-making in France as in England, and it has seemed a good idea to interest some of the cripples with artistic inclinations to develop those qualities. The toys are simply made in wood, cut out, and colored very crudely—stenciled in colors.

This École Professionelle de Blessés was the first school for the wounded organized in France. It is in the center of the city and has capacity for a hundred men. They are taught stenography, bookkeeping, the French language—for many of the poor fellows have had absolutely no education—music, singing, bookbinding. Some of the teachers give their services, some are paid. The mutilated accepted here are those exclusively maimed in the arms.

The second school is just outside of Lyons. Here are those maimed in the legs only. Hence we have an armless and a legless school! The second school has also accommodations for a hundred men. Here they are taught tailoring, shoemaking, carpentering, and gardening. It is wonderful to see how the men will hobble around and do spading!

I have repeatedly visited the schools. They are maintained by private subscriptions, and were organized by M. Édouard Herriot, the Mayor of Lyons, who is about to visit the United States. The city has placed the different buildings used by M. Herriot at his disposition, free of charge, and has paid all the expenses of remodeling and installation. A third school is to be opened in a short time.

What impressed me most during my visits was the light-heartedness of the cripples. I heard them singing before I got to the door—singing and whistling as though there were no sadness in France. I spoke of it to the lady who showed us the building—Madame Monod, the directress. (The whole control of the out-of-town school is in the hands of Madame Monod and one woman assistant, with Dr. Carle, the physician, who is also one of the organizers.) I remarked on the men being able to sing under such circumstances. Madame Monod said: "You know that is part of the French character; they cannot be sad long." We decided then that as long as the men were together it was a common misfortune that helped; they sustained each other. But I thought of the future, when the time would come for them to be sent back to their families—whether they would then sing so much, whether they would be so light-hearted? Never mind; all this schooling will be helpful, just the same, in making a living for their wives and children. The future looks brighter to them in spite of all they have gone through and suffered. The thought of being independent buoys them up.

The sad part is that many of the men are so young—not more than twenty-two or twenty-three!

But there is no light-heartedness when the men are first brought in wounded to the hospitals; they seem no longer human beings. They have absolutely no affection for any one. Often the wives and mothers come to visit the men, who receive them in a perfectly dazed and stunned manner. You would imagine that after all they have gone through they would be glad to press once more the hands of dear, loved ones. But no, they seem to have no feeling left. They say: "We have no love—we cannot feel love!" And that, after all, is very comprehensible. Think of the pressure they have been under all these months! The indescribable horrors

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"THE SAD PART OF IT IS THAT MANY OF THE MEN ARE SO YOUNG"

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CONVALESCENT SOLDIERS LEARNING TO MAKE SHOES

of war have rendered them callous, numb. Living as they have been under such terribly abnormal conditions, what could one expect? How could a man be different?

You ask how long it takes a man after arriving from the front to get back to his normal self? That depends upon his wounds. A man *may* get to be his old self in two or three weeks.

It is strange, too, that the women do not seem to understand the mental condition of their poor, soul-tortured men. I have seen wives leave their husbands' bedsides, after a separation of months, with tears in their eyes and their hearts filled with dismay and just a little resentment against any ruling body that could bring such misery into their lives. The most cruel part to them in these first sad interviews is the fact that all feeling of affection seems to have fled and that their husbands have become something less than human beings. A few words to assure them that this is only a passing phase sends them away comparatively happy. But to return to our cripples in the schools.

One of the men, I remember, had been wounded almost at the beginning of the war. He had lost his entire family. They had been left in the invaded territory, and he had had no word of them since the beginning of the war. He had tried in every way to get information, but always met with the same terrible silence. They were somewhere in the Vosges country. He told me how he had been wounded in the upper part of the leg by shrapnel, and how he had remained in a sitting position in the trench where he had been shot down, with water to his waist, for three days before being found by the French army. All his companions had died one by one. He described how, consumed with thirst, he tried to secure a tin cup he saw in the haversack of one of his dead comrades, and of his efforts to drag the bag over on the point of his bayonet. He finally did secure his treasure, finding therein a small bottle of *alcool de menthe*. Pouring a few drops of the precious liquid in his little tin cup filled with dirty water from the trench, he quenched his thirst and sustained life during those three days of horrible suffering until the tide of battle turned. When the French came back and found him, he said it was his last hour. He felt the death-cold all over him. He was treated at a hospital on the front, and then brought to Lyons, and there his leg was

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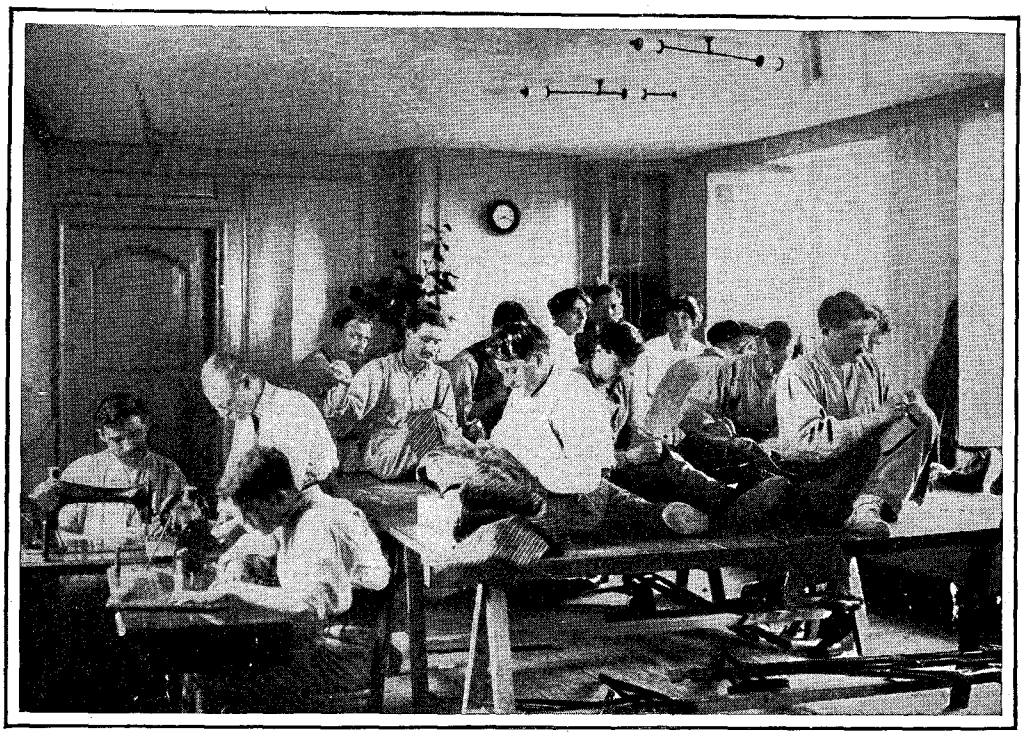

A CLASS IN TAILORING

amputated. It was in a Lyons hospital that he first heard of M. Herriot's vocational schools, and as soon as his physical condition permitted him to do so he applied as a candidate for admission. He was accepted, and after a short apprenticeship in tailoring he proudly showed me one day his first finished coat. From a professional soldier he had become a tailor! I was surprised at the care that had been given to his work. One would think the coat had been made by a professional tailor—no tailor could have made better buttonholes than he had made. The man who had taught him was standing by him, his eyes shining with pleasure, as he showed what his pupil had done, and was as proud as if he had done it himself. He kept saying, "*C'est bien, c'est bien, c'est bien! N'est-ce pas?*" as he displayed the fine work his pupil had done. The desire of the crippled man to be able to care for his wife and children if he should ever find them again was pathetic, and yet he was terribly distressed at not being able to go back to the front and fight with the army.

Here is a characteristic reply made by one of the men learning tailoring when asked if the loss of his leg did not bother him while working. He looked up with a sly twinkle in his eye and answered: "*Au contraire*, madame, it is much better so; no time is lost in crossing and uncrossing my legs."

The brave, plucky fellows! Can one do less than admire their splendid, aye, their *gay* courage in the face of overwhelming odds—a courage which no amount of suffering can quench or subdue?

The men live very happily among themselves. I have never heard of any dissensions among them. On the contrary, it is really wonderful to see how they help one another. One who has lost an arm helps one who has lost a leg, and *vice versa*. I myself have seen in one of the hospitals for the treatment of mutilated men one who had both legs gone. Another man who had lost his arms carried the first man on his shoulders. They were inseparable companions; both only twenty-two or twenty-three years old. It was inexpressibly sad.

The cripples who are to go to the vocation schools are selected in the hospitals by the hospital authorities. The doctors make a selection as they go around their wards, and learn to know the men. They take only the men they think will make good. The shiftless, dissipated ones must be helped, of course, but they are not the ones who are

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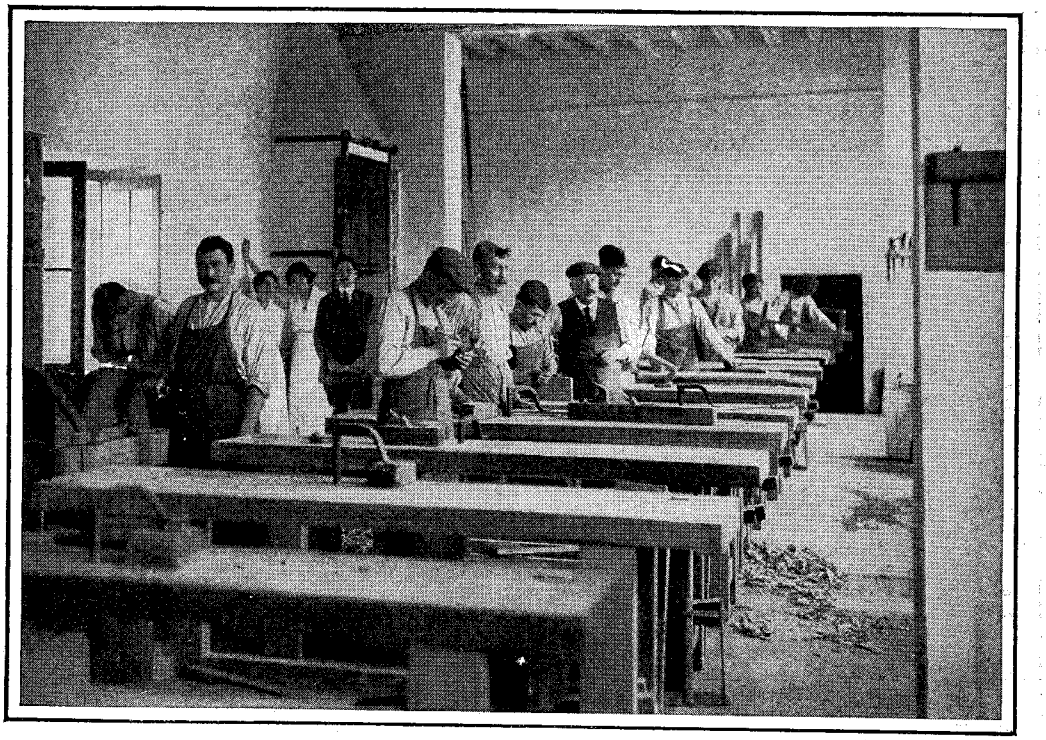

IN THE CARPENTER SHOP

sent to the schools. Only the efficient men and the men who express a desire to help themselves are sent.

When I last visited the schools, in August, paying positions had been found for one hundred and fifty of the men who had been taught there. These positions were in Lyons or in the surrounding country.

The first school was opened in December, 1914. During the following nine months the hundred and fifty men who went left room for a hundred and fifty others to come in and take their places, and this will go on in increasing ratio as funds come in. Mayor Herriot's idea is that the men shall not feel that they are objects of charity. The French Government has contributed only to a certain category of men; otherwise the schools in Lyons have been supported solely by private subscriptions. While different public organizations have given generous sums, and private subscriptions have poured in, as the schools multiply and more men are taken in, the need for financial aid will become more pressing.

Spurred by the success at Lyons, the state has now opened three vocational schools—one at Paris, one at Bordeaux, and one at Montpellier. These are the only three besides those at Lyons. Others will doubtless follow, and many a man crippled by war will be saved from the cruel chances which might otherwise swamp him and his family. Thus even the victims of war will play their part in the great economic conflict sure to come.

There are now something like thirty thousand beds in the Lyons hospitals—most of which are temporary hospitals, of course. In that city and its suburbs there are now no less than 136 hospitals. Incidentally, Lyons is the second city of France, and is the distributing center for an entire army corps. Clothing and equipment, as well as the wounded, are distributed from Lyons. The wounded are brought to Lyons, are operated upon, kept only as long as is absolutely necessary, and then distributed to other hospitals to make room for others coming in. The city of Lyons has organized and is maintaining 30 hospitals for the wounded. The remaining 106 are maintained by the different Red Cross Societies, the military authorities, and private people, the latter giving proof of splendid devotion.

The Frenchwomen are doing marvelous work in the hospitals. I cannot speak words of praise sufficient for them. It is simply wonderful. Women of high social standing, who have never known what it was to per-

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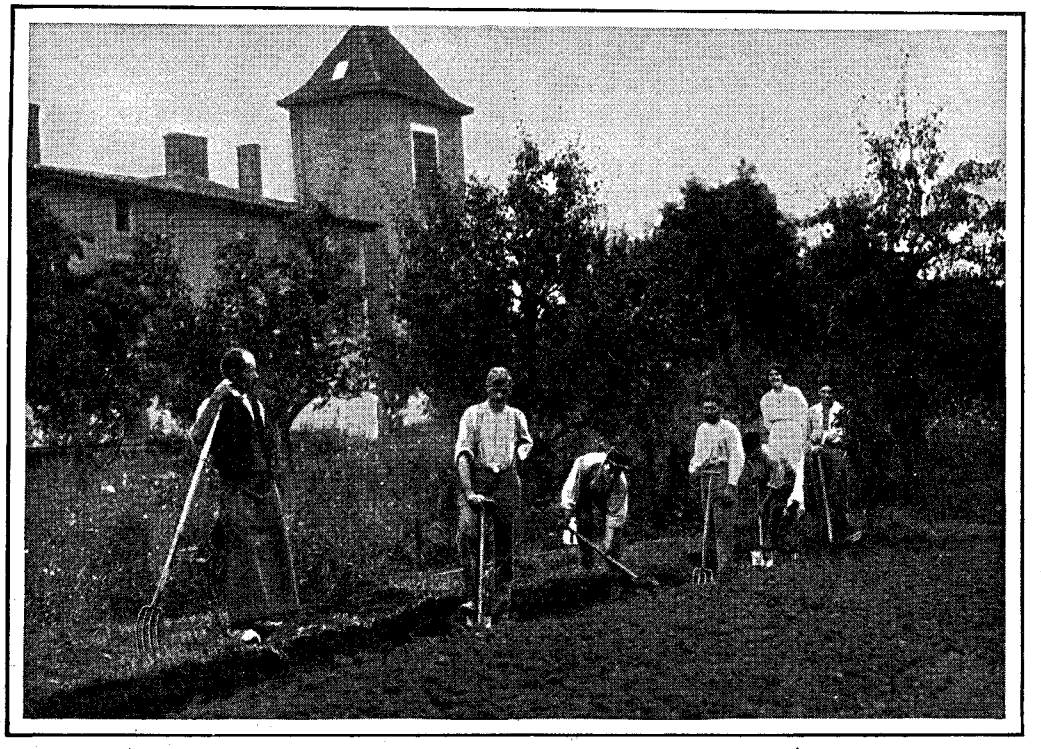

THE CONVALESCENTS KNOW HOW TO DIG TRENCHES!

form the slightest menial service, have passed months and months, without one day of rest, going to the hospitals and caring for the wounded. The most terrible wounds are those of the face, and over these the most refined women have worked, not only for a little while, but every day all these months.

I would say to them, "Are you not going to take a little rest this summer?"

And invariably they would reply: "Oh, no, I could not go away! I could not be happy."

"The men are strangers to you," I would remark. "Why don't you pay women to do this?"

"No; when I am caring for them I am thinking of my husband or my brother." You hear this sentiment expressed on all sides.

The wounded appreciate what is being done for them. I have seen them raise themselves up in bed, in spite of their wounds and their weakness, to save a lady from lifting them up—trying to make it a little easier for her. In every way the men, with instinctive courtesy, try to help the ladies who are nursing them by doing all they can.

My first experience with refugees was quite amusing. At the very beginning of the war, when the first flood of refugees from Belgium came in, I was anxious that our Lyons Branch of the Needlework Guild of America should do something for them. As yet we had no garments ready except a few baby clothes, and had only two hundred and fifty francs ($50) in hand for the purpose. I went to the Belgian Consul the morning after the arrival of the refugees and told him we were willing to do what we could. If he would let me know about how many women and children there were, we would have garments made for some of them. I reached home at six o'clock that evening, and found my doorway obstructed by a collection of men, women, and children waiting for the clothing. There had been some misunderstanding, of course, on the part of the Consul or the people. They thought the garments were ready for them. It was growing cold, and many of them had very light and insufficient clothing—just what they had on when they fled. I could not let them go away without doing something for them, and, as there were some babies among them, I distributed what baby clothes I had among them, and then looked over my husband's clothing and that of my daughter and myself and found something for them all. It was amusing and pathetic.

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The Needlework Guild of America, moved to pity by my letters describing the condition of the thousands of young women thrown out of employment in a few days' time and in such atrocious circumstances, decided to open a workshop for the benefit specially of the young women members of the Lyons branch of that organization and as many others as we could care for. The response to a general appeal sent out to all the branches in America was so generous that two very large rooms, given to us by the Mayor of Lyons, were soon organized and in running order. Some of the women to be helped were refugees. We had the latter from Russia, Constantinople, Austria, Belgium, and a great many from French invaded territory. Many of them were refined, educated women who had had good positions before the war.

In all, three hundred and fourteen women have received aid from us in some way. We have employed that number in all, but we have had an average of a hundred and eighty who have been working every day at a wage of a franc and a half (thirty cents) per day. These workrooms were kept open ten months. The funds have been entirely supplied by the Needlework Guild of America; it sent all the materials for sewing, even to the buttons and thread. The workrooms were organized and conducted by myself. Some twenty-seven thousand garments in all were distributed from our Lyons workrooms of the Needlework Guild, the garments being gratuitously distributed to the wounded in the hospitals and the refugees. The Needlework Guild of America collected about twenty thousand dollars, part of which was expended in America in material and the rest sent over to us to pay the women's wages.

I visited the hospitals personally, and thus learned where the need was really greatest. The men got to look upon us as friends. They had so many different ways of showing their appreciation—making little gifts, for example. That is one of the interesting things in the hospitals—to see the inventions of the nurses, the doctors, and everybody to keep the men busy, to occupy their thoughts. They give them crocheting to do, and knitting, beadwork, and mechanical saw work. The men make little frames, and do scrollwork of all kinds. One is obliged to keep these men occupied. They cannot stay there and just keep thinking of their wounds and what they have been through.

CHRISTMAS TOYS MADE BY THE SOLDIER-PATIENTS IN LYONS HOSPITALS

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THE HEART OF YOUTH[1]

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

CHARACTERS: FRA ANGELO. RABELIN, *his companion.* THE DUKE. ARABIS, *his daughter.* ALTHÆA, MELISSA, *her friends.* A PHYSICIAN. A PAGE. A MONK. A MAN ON CRUTCHES. A BOY. HANDMAIDENS. PAGES. MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN. THE MASTER IN CHARGE OF THE PERFORMANCE.

SEQUENCE OF SCENES: SCENE I—*A forest.* SCENE II—*A public square.* SCENE III—*A dark street.* SCENE IV—*A room in the palace.*

PROLOGUE

(*The Master in Charge, without hat, coat, or waistcoat and with the sleeves of his shirt rolled up, appears at back of stage. He is evidently very hot and somewhat exhausted and out of temper. Even before he appears he may be heard calling impatiently to two boys who are quarreling, unseen but distinctly audible, in the gulley behind the stage.*)

The Master in Charge. Come, come now! Stop your jabber. Stop, *stop*, STOP!
D'ye think those pretty girls and their mammas
Have come to listen to you, jabbering
Behind the wings? Louis, if you don't quit
Rough-housing Theodore this very minute—
What difference if he did steal your towel?
Steal George's, Gerald's, anybody's. Oh!
If you were only now professionals
I'd have the fun at least of firing you!
But amateurs! Never again, I swear!
If there is anything inside this shirt
Able to profit by experience,
I wash my hands of amateurs henceforth.
Come, play the game. Do, for the love of Mike.
Pretend it's football—anything but Art,
And take a brace, so we can start the show.
Come, now, and stop your nonsense. Up this way. (*To the audience, as he comes forward mopping his brow.*)
They're amateurs. And, worse than that, they're boys.
God knows if there'll be any play to watch.

(*A number of Boys appear at the back and hesitatingly come forward, one by one, as the Master in Charge introduces them.*)

Well, here they come, prepared to make their bow.
Bow, Billie. This is William. He's to play
The saint, the wandering good man. This is George. (*In a whisper.*)
Stand up, for heaven's sake, and be a man.
He plays the hero-villain, Rabelin.
You've heard it said, Art is economy.
Well, we've economized. Like life itself
We've thrown our good and evil in one pot
And saved one acting rôle, creating thus
A Rabelin too virtuous to hang,
Too wicked to exalt in other ways,
Who knows?—perhaps a man like me—or George.
Watch him! His fault is that he tries to heal
Ere he himself is healed. You know the kind.
Perhaps you've met him—in the looking-glass.
Run along, George. Come, Wolcott. This young man
Is our Physician. He looks wise, and talks.
Herbert's our Cripple, Sheldon is our Page,
Whose vice is that he sleeps when he should watch,
A thing some folk are prone to. Here's Cornelius—
Althæa in the play. Melissa here
Goes down to glory with the name of Horace.
Bow, Louis. He's our Duke, straight from Illyria—
Stern parent of a sixteen-year-old girl,
Spite of his obviously tender years.
And here is Gerald, the fair maid herself,
As muscular a Princess, take my word,
As ever bloomed in gardens. Ah, but wait!
We'll have her dying soon, and pale as death;
And Rabelin with horror in his eyes,
Crying, "Relent! Oh, punish me no more—"
But that's our story.

(*The Boys have one by one edged over to the right and disappeared.*)

Well, you've seen our players,
And laughed at 'hem a bit; and that was right.
For they were only boys in paint and wig,
Meant to be laughed at, boys like other boys,
Your boys and mine. But once the play begins
Forego the laughter. They are ours no more.
The little while you sit upon this slope
And watch our story like deep waters flow
Before your eyes, now calm, now full of storm,
They are not of this world. A little while
They put their souls to sleep, and lend to ghosts
From other worlds the bodies that are theirs.

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They do not act, they *are* the Saint, the Duke,
The hero-villain, the fair, fragile maid,
Real for the moment of our pageantry
As love and faith and God's hand in the dark—
Spirits made flesh, not boys, but visions! Ah!
Not boys, but dreams; not words, but Truth! not man,
But something mightier, commanding man,
Alone can fitly dedicate this stage,
This church—where not in unctuous brocade
Prinked and emblazoned for the sight of heaven,
But nakedly in combat, stripped of sham,
Man talks with God. Let spirits dedicate
What is the spirit's! In the name of Truth!
(*With an emphatic gesture.*)
Now let the curtain rise! (*He turns as though to leave the stage, hesitates and turns again to the audience.*)
You smile. The curtain? Let the curtain rise?
Who speaks of curtains in this open dell
Of cool, green turf and unperturbéd waters?
What curtain is there here to rise or fall?
Ah, there are hundreds! On *your* eyes they lie—
The curtains which the busy weaving men,
We call the years, have woven of your thoughts.
You said that thoughts were nothing. What a web
Have now the weavers made of that thin silk
The spider-brain spun of the love of things
The eye could see, the ear could hear, the hand
Could finger, squeeze and claw. Ah, what a web
Of gray, inconsequential-seeming threads!
The modish thoughts, the meat-and-money thoughts—
In webs, in webs, in iron curtains, proof
Against whatever fires of poesy
Burn in white aspirations from our lines,
They hang between us and your inner eyes,
Those better eyes, the pure eyes of the soul.

Lift up the curtain! For an hour lift up
The veil that holds you prisoners in this world
Of coins and wires and motor-horns, this world
Of figures and of men who trust in facts,
This pitiable, hypocritic world
Where men with blinkered eyes and hobbled feet
Grope down a narrow gorge and call it life.
Lift up the curtain! Gaze upon *our* world.
Look! Are there cedars here, a fence beyond,
A pond, a football field, an ugly mass
Of huddled roofs behind that poplar-row?
Lift up the curtain! We are in a wood
Above a city in Illyria.
The time is twilight. From the hills the Saint
Comes with his young disciple; in the town
The people wait. Hush! You can hear the bell
Calling their hope across the golden eve.
The dusk is full of peace. You would not dream
That in the town a Princess perishes
For love of God, and on these hills a boy
Struts gayly toward disaster. Look, what heights,
What deeps, break on your eyes, what heavens, what hells
In the small orbit of the heart of youth!
Lift up the curtain! Let the play begin.

SCENE I

A FOREST

(*From the right enter Fra Angelo, a tall friar in a white cowl. He is accompanied by Rabelin, a boy of seventeen, in mediæval garb.*)

Fra Angelo. Look, Rabelin. Our journey nears its end.
There lies the city, slumbering in the dusk.
So beautiful it is, so calm, so mute,
So open to God's gaze, you would not guess
How the bees hum and labor in the hive
And love and kill and die. So many roofs,
And under each the struggle and the pain;
Youth reaching out, and old age falling back:
Youth, hoping, age, remembering; each at strife
With earth and heaven, scarce knowing why he strives.
So many roofs, so many tragedies
Of unfulfilled existences.
The sun
Plays with gay magic on the fretted dome.
Look, with what reckless generosity
He strews his gems. That flash was from a pan
In some poor drudge's hand, that running light
Broke from a sudden ripple on the stream,
Raised by the first puff of the evening breeze.
How soft the night falls on those far, dark hills.
Like an inaudible, blue wave it breaks
Along the horizon's edge. The valley mists
Rise up like foam. Wait. Soon upon the deep
The white sails shall appear, the silver sails
That carry cargoes through sidereal seas
For the immortal venturers of heaven.
I shall be glad to see the stars again.

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Rabelin. You are a strange man when the stars come out.
I know you while the sun shines. Now and then
I almost dare to laugh at you as though
You were a human being like myself.
But when the stars come out, you make me think
Of mountains and enormous ghosts that tower
To heaven and make me shiver and feel small.
I don't much like to think of things like that.
Fra Angelo. Are you afraid of me?
Rabelin. Not now. You have
A dear and human way with you by day,
A way of being near. I never thought
A good man could be such a friend. I'm sure
You're pleasanter than ordinary saints.
And yet, at twilight, when the stars come out,
You frighten me. You seem so far away.
Fra Angelo. The stars are friends of mine.
Rabelin. Yes, that's the joke.
You're human, but you have such queer ideas.
If you were only now like other men,
Why, with your reputation as a saint,
Your holiness, and that odd gift of yours
Of making sick men well and bad men good—
Heaven knows what eminence you might attain.
You ought to be the Pope, you might be King;
If you would do as much as lift your hand,
You could be richer than a duke, with gold
And jewelry and robes of scarlet silk—.
Fra Angelo. Gold must have guardians, jewels must have locks,
Clothes must have roofs to shield them from the weather.
Such things are nothing if they are not all.
It is a matter of the eyes; and mine
See heaven's gold and have no taste for earth's.
Rabelin. You are a holy man and I am not.
There lies the trouble. You don't care a rap
For gems and gold and scarlet things to wear.
I do, like every gentleman of taste.
I think I must have noble blood somewhere,
For I have feelings for life's higher things
That as a rule only a noble has,
Fine linen and such things. You wear a cowl
And under that a rope and that is all.
You think that's saintly. Well, I think it's just
A little narrow, I might almost say
A little cowardly, as though you feared
That your religion might not stand the strain
Of silk on Sundays.
Fra Angelo. Something might be said
About the cowardice that hides in cowls.
But I prefer a cowl.
Rabelin. That's your affair.
I'll not dispute you have a free man's right
To your own kind of clothes. But I assert
You have no right to keep from me the means
To clothe myself in silks if I so wish.
Fra Angelo. What have I done?
Rabelin. What have you done? Last night
You healed a rich man's son, you raised him up
When he was gone almost, and when they brought
Gold to repay you, you rejected it!
That was your business, that was your affair
If you refused the wherewithal to give
Drink to the orphan, to the widow meat.
Oh, I'll admit that was your own affair,
Though I've my notions of its saintliness!—
But when they turned and offered me their gold,
Saying, "Your friend is young, he wears no cowl,
Some day perhaps he may have need of gold,"
And you refused to let me take their gift,
That, I declare, was holiness gone mad.
Fra Angelo. A week ago your thoughts were all of heaven.
Why are they turned so suddenly to earth?
Rabelin. Oh, I am sick of this religious buncombe.
I think and think and don't get anywhere.
Things you can see, things you can touch and smell,
Those are the things I seem to want—real things,
Substantial things that you can weigh. God knows
If there is any God. I'm sure I don't.
But there *is* money and there's power and place—
Fra Angelo. If you wish money, there are many ways
That money may be sought. Why do you, then,
Follow a wandering madman through the hills?
Rabelin. Heaven knows.
Fra Angelo. I never urged you, Rabelin.
You came to me. I did not ask you whence,
Nor why you came.
Rabelin. I came from dice and taverns.
Fra Angelo. So wicked and so young!
Rabelin. Oh, laugh! You think
I'm just a boy. You never would believe
How bad I was.
Fra Angelo (*warmly*). No.
Rabelin. Well, then, don't blame me
When you discover what a devil I am.
Sometimes I fear I'll be an atheist.
Fra Angelo. But you were such a fire of faith.
Rabelin. I know.
I swallowed everything, hook, bait, and sinker.

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Now half of it seems childish, and the rest
Old women's talk, not meant for grown-up men.
Fra Angelo. Perhaps when you have lived—
Rabelin. But I *have* lived.
You don't quite realize what I've been through.
I've passed through terrible temptations. I'm
Not like those other boys who don't know life.
I'm different. I've seen things. Oh, I have.
I wouldn't for the world upset your faith—
Fra Angelo. I understand.
Rabelin. But *my* experience
Has taught me that there isn't much worth while
Except success. When you've got that, you've *got* it.
It isn't like this moonshine talk of God
You can't clutch anywhere but like an eel
It slips between your fingers. By and by,
When I begin to heal—
Fra Angelo. To heal?
Rabelin. Why not?
Fra Angelo. I must be getting old, and my mind weak.
I can't quite seem to follow your swift flights.
Did you say—heal?
Rabelin. Why, yes.
Fra Angelo. But you're a skeptic!
Rabelin. Of course. But then the sick folk won't know that.
I've watched you heal. It doesn't seem so hard.
Some day I'll learn the trick, and when I do,
You bet, I'll not refuse a rich man's gift.
Fra Angelo. So? So? A trick?
Rabelin. Well, something like a trick.
Fra Angelo. Is that the reason why you cleave and cling,
To learn my trick? A trick, a juggler's trick!—
And turn it into goblets and fine linen?
Rabelin. I've made you angry.
Fra Angelo. Yes, you strike at God
When you strike at his work.
Rabelin. It's your work.
Fra Angelo. No.
Rabelin. Well, I suppose you're through with me for good.
I'm sorry and—I swear—I meant no harm.
I've followed you because I cannot help
But follow. There is something in your eyes.
I love you, and I follow. That is all.
Fra Angelo. Give me your hand. I love *you*, Rabelin.
Rabelin. You were young once. You know the fires that burn
Inside a fellow. Oh, I can't explain.
I hate myself, and everything, but you,
And somehow, you're the one of all the world
I'm meanest to. I don't know what I want.
I think I want to *do* something, to fight,
Or go to sea, or be a missionary,
Or go about the country, healing folk
Like you. Sometimes I want to die.
Fra Angelo. Not yet, my brother. God has quite enough
Boys of your age to manage up in heaven,
And earth may find some labor for you yet.
Rabelin. You're making fun of me again!
Fra Angelo. Of course.
My love were less the deep love that it is
If it were love unmixed with laughter.
Rabelin (*almost tearful*). Well,
I won't be laughed at, teased, and patronized.
It may be sinful, but I'm not a saint,
And don't pretend to be, and I'm not meek,
Nor humble. Not a bit of it. I'm proud.
Some day or other we are bound to break.
It might as well be now.
Fra Angelo. Why, yes. Why, yes.
Freely you came and you shall freely go.
Give me your hand.

(*Rabelin, with his back turned towards him, makes no move to accept the proffered hand.*)

You won't? Why, then, good-by.
I'm very sure that we shall meet again.

(*He goes out, center back.*)

Rabelin (*tossing his head defiantly*). Oh, for a chance to show what I can do!
Anything! Just to show him. Anything!
If only some one 'd fall into a river
While I was near, or there would come a war,
I'd make him swallow humble pie, I would!

(*He goes out, whistling desperately.*)

SCENE II

A PUBLIC SQUARE IN THE TOWN

(*A choir is heard chanting off stage. Enter the Page, left.*)

Page (*yawning and stretching*). "Watch and be ready," said His Nibs the Duke.
"Run, Theobald, and fetch the holy man.
He may come soon. He may not come till night.
Watch and be ready." That's all very well.
I've watched for seven blank and weary hours.
I don't believe there is a holy man.
And even if there is, it's ten to one
He'll somehow circumnavigate this burg.
All the excitements do. I'm going to sleep.
Cathedral steps don't make the softest bed.
But it's a hard stone that'll keep my brain
Working against my will. That holy man!

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Pshaw! probably he'll never come at all,
Or if he does—well, I'll wake up in time.
Good-night, proud world.

(*He settles himself comfortably and drops to sleep. Again the choir may be faintly heard. From the left, enters a man on crutches.*)

The Man on Crutches. I wonder—will he come?

(*From the right, a Voice is heard calling.*)

Voice. Coming!

The Man on Crutches. Oh, where? Which way?

Voice. Coming!

The Man on Crutches. Dear God!

(*A boy runs in from the right.*)

Boy. He's here! He's in the town!

The Man on Crutches. He's here?

Boy. I saw
Him close as I see you. I saw him heal!

The Man on Crutches. Heal!

Boy. Yes. A woman. She was blind. He said—

(*The great Bell of the cathedral close by begins to ring with eager, rejoicing strokes.*)

The Man on Crutches. He's here!

(*The Page moves restlessly, but settles down again into still sounder slumber. From the left and rear, Men, Women, and Children, among them the halt, the lame, and the blind, run in, crying excitedly to each other.*)

Voices. The bell! He's here! He's in the town!
This way! Come, this way!
You're crowding me!
What do I care?
He's coming this way.
I can't breathe!
Heal me!
He's coming! He's coming! He's coming!

The Man on Crutches. Oh, wonderful!

(*Voices, gaining in volume, are heard at right, then a throng presses in, shouting.*)

New Voices. He's here!

The Others. He's here! He's here!

(*Fra Angelo enters. The crowd surges about him with shouts. The Cathedral Choir is heard again more loudly and dominantly than before.*)

Voices. Heal me! Holy man, heal me!

(*Rabelin enters right and stands apart from the crowd, a little supercilious and bored.*)

Fra Angelo (*gently*). Peace, peace, good friends.

(*The crowd parts and Fra Angelo emerges. The Man on Crutches, who has kept in the background, hobbles up to him.*)

The Man on Crutches (*stretching out his hand*). Heal me!

Fra Angelo (*gazing tenderly into his eyes*). You are healed.

The Man on Crutches (*stares incredulously, stretches his limbs wonderingly and suddenly lets his crutches fall with a cry*). Healed!

(*The cry is taken up by the others who surge about Fra Angelo.*)

Fra Angelo. Come. Let us rest our hearts in God's good house,
And speak with one another.

(*He goes out left, followed by the hushed and awestruck crowd. Rabelin, startled out of his defiant mood by the healing of the cripple, stands motionless an instant, pondering.*)

Rabelin. "You—are—healed."
Um. That seemed easy.

Page (*at left, waking*). Is it morning yet?

Rabelin. Hello! What's here?

Page. Don't talk to me like that.

Rabelin. Say, who are you?

Page. I am the Duke's own page.
Remember that.

Rabelin. Pooh! What's a duke? I've been
A saint's companion, and I could be now,
If I'd been willing to endure his ways.
But he was—fresh, as teachers sometimes are,
And, well, I felt I was too old to stand
That sort of thing even from a holy man.

Page. A holy man?

Rabelin (*offhand*). Why, yes. They call him that.
Of course, when you go traveling with a man
You do see faults. But then he's good, he's good.

Page. Say, it's a holy man I'm out to find.
When is he coming?

Rabelin. Why, he's come and gone.

Page (*jumping to his feet*). Gone!

Rabelin. You're a foolish virgin.

Page. Where'd he go?

Rabelin. Oh, you can't see him now. He's healing folk.
There's thousands clamoring to see him now.
You'll have to wait in line. If things go right
He may be free to-morrow at this time.

Page. Oh, help a fellow, won't you? I'll be fired
If I come back without him. I sure will.
I've got to see the holy man.

Rabelin. What for?

Page. Well, some one wants him.

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Rabelin. Who?
Page (*offhand*). Oh, just the Duke.
Rabelin (*impressed*). The Duke?
Page. For his sick daughter.
Rabelin (*fascinated*). What's her name?
Page. The Princess Arabis.
Rabelin. My, what a name!
The Princess Arabis—
Page. She's very sick.
Rabelin. She is?
Page. And awfully pretty. White and pink
Like a magnolia flower. And fun to talk to.
Rabelin. What did you say her name was?
Page. Arabis.
Rabelin. That's a sweet-smelling name.
Page. She's *very* ill.
Oh, please persuade the holy man—
Rabelin. Oh, no,
He's far too busy, and besides a duke
To him means no more than a beggar. But—
There might be others who could possibly—
What is the ailment? Measles?
Page. Worse than that.
Rabelin. Mumps?
Page. Oh, far worse.
Rabelin. Then chicken-pox?
Page. No. Worse.
Rabelin (*dejected*). Then I'm afraid the saint had better not
Attempt to tackle it.
Page. Oh, he must come!
Rabelin. What *is* her ailment?
Page. No one seems to know.
She's drooping, fading, slowly, like a flower
That's thirsty.
Rabelin (*softly*). Arabis!
Page. I've heard them say
It's all because she wants to be a nun,
And the old Duke won't let her. That's absurd!
Who'd droop and pine away to be a nun?
Rabelin (*pondering*). Of course, a thing like that is easier
To heal than real diseases—mumps or such things.
It's barely possible the holy man
Might be persuaded, at a pinch, to come;
Since it's not mumps, or something serious,
But just—
Page. The Duke said he'd pay well!
Rabelin. He did?
Page. Yes. Heaps and heaps of gold.
Rabelin. Oh, wonderful!
Page. You bring the holy man and you'll get some.
Rabelin (*carelessly*). Oh, that's all right.
Page. I'll skip.
Rabelin (*dreamily*). Sweet Arabis!
Why, that's a flower's name.
Page. You'll make him come?
Rabelin (*breathlessly*). Yes.
Page. Good for you. I'll go and tell the Duke. (*He runs out right.*)
Rabelin. A Duke! A Princess! Princess Arabis!
A pining Princess! Heaps and heaps of gold!
It's like a fairy story. (*Pause.*) "You—are —healed."
Why, it looks easy. Why not? Why, perhaps—
I might—I'm rather bright in other ways—
Who knows? Perhaps it's Opportunity
Banging at my front door. It is! It is!
It's the great chance to show what I can do,
To show the holy man—
(*A Monk enters right, hurrying across the stage. Rabelin impetuously stops him.*)
Hold on!
Monk. What's this?
Rabelin. Take off your cowl!
Monk. My cowl?
Rabelin. Quick!
Monk. Please, sir, but—
Rabelin. I want it.
Monk. So do I.
Rabelin. Quick! Take it off!
Monk. I've only got a hair-shirt underneath!
Rabelin. I don't care. Quick!
(*He strips the Monk of his cowl and quickly puts it on over his clothes. The Monk, in his brown hair-shirt, reaching to his knees, hurries out, right, calling, "Help! Robbers!"*)
Now, which way to the palace of the Duke?
(*He looks right and left, then runs out, back.*)

SCENE III

A DARK STREET

(*Enter Rabelin, stealthily, rear center.*)
Rabelin. That's it. That must be it. Where is the gate?
How black and tall and hard and cold and stern
The walls rise up. There's not a tree, just stones.
Beneath, above, about—a world of stone.
It makes me shiver. I'm not used to towns.
I wonder what the holy man would say
If he could see me now? It's getting dark.
How funny shadows act behind one's back!
They act alive, but not alive with people.
I'm not afraid of flesh and blood and bone,
Robbers and such things, nor of ghosts; but these

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Queer shifting shreds that are not ghosts nor men
Make me all goose-flesh. What was that? Good Lord!
(*Fra Angelo enters right.*)
Fra Angelo. Is that you, Rabelin?
(*Rabelin cowers, but does not answer.*)
Is that you, brother?
I missed you and a something in my heart
Said that you needed me. And so I came.
Rabelin (*softly*). I do not need you.
Fra Angelo. Then my heart was wrong.
Rabelin. Yes. Very probably.
Fra Angelo. Why do you keep
Your face so hidden? Are there tales inscribed
On the truth-telling tablets of your eyes
You dare not let me read? Why do you hide?
Are you, a man of seventeen years, afraid?
Rabelin (*turning sharply*). I'm not afraid!
Fra Angelo. What errand are you on?
Rabelin. What's that to you?
Fra Angelo. Nothing—or everything.
Rabelin. Well, nothing then.
Fra Angelo. There's something in your voice—
Rabelin. What of it?
Fra Angelo. Rabelin, come back.
Rabelin. I won't.
Fra Angelo (*laying his hands on Rabelin's shoulders*). What deviltry is on you? There's a door
Closed in the shadowy passage of your eyes.
You've slammed a door wherethrough I used to pass.
You've slammed it in my face. Look up at me.
A wall! a wall! No passage for me now.
What mischief's brewing on the farther side?
Rabelin. What's that to you?
Fra Angelo. I am your friend.
Rabelin. My friend!
My teacher's what you are and ever *will* be.
Because I came to you and asked to learn,
You've got a notion it's your heaven-sent job
Forever to look after me, to keep
My feet safe in the straight-and-narrow, watch
My very goings-out and comings-in
As though I was a girl at boarding-school
And you my old-maid chaperon.
Fra Angelo. Dear boy!
Look in my eyes. Am I a friend or not?
Rabelin. I tell you, I am sick of being taught
And led about like a tame elephant.
I know some things and now I'm going to live.
Perhaps I'm not the muddle-headed boy
You think I am, perhaps I am a man,
Perhaps I've got it in me to *do* things.
Let go! I've got my opportunity,
And opportunity comes only once!
Others have fought and won—at seventeen.
Why shouldn't I? Let go!
(*Fra Angelo drops his hands from Rabelin's shoulders.*)
Where is the gate?
I'm going to the palace of the Duke!
(*He runs out left.*)
Fra Angelo. The Duke! What! Not—to heal?
Youth, youth! Ah, God!
Be merciful to the wild heart of youth.
(*Exit.*)

SCENE IV

A ROOM IN THE DUKE'S PALACE

(*Althæa enters right, tiptoes across stage, and stands at extreme left of stage as though listening at a door. She gives a sob. Melissa enters, also crossing.*
Althæa (*softly*). Has the saint come?
Melissa. Not yet.
Althæa. I scarcely dare
Go back to her and say he hasn't come.
Melissa. He's in the town.
Althæa. I know. I heard the bell.
I can't see why he doesn't come—The Duke!
(*The Duke enters right. The Girls courtesy deep.*)
My lord!
Melissa. My lord!
Duke (*cheerfully*). What news?
Melissa. No news, my lord.
She sobs and laughs and speaks of foolish things.
Althæa. Oh, yield, my lord, before it is too late.
It is no sin to want to be a nun
And vow one's self to heaven.
Duke. You too are young.
You do not understand such things. A child
Has whims like this that fade out and are gone.
I am not wholly selfish. I desire
To shield her from herself, to be her watchman
Against the intrusive enemies of youth.
Althæa. It's not a whim, my lord. It is a call.
I know it is a call. To see her face
Is to be sure it is a call from God.
Duke. Spare me these arguments. Call the physician.
Althæa. My lord, she's dying!
Duke. Tush! Comfort yourself.
Girls do not die as patly as they faint,
When lovers or recalcitrant papas

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Demand rebuke. My girl shall have the saint
She's crying for, to bring the red cheeks back.
She shall not have her convent. That is final.
Call the physician.

Althæa (*drawing back*). Very good, my lord.
(*Sobbing, she goes out left, followed by Melissa.*)

Duke. Absurd, ingenuous, earnest heart of youth!
(*Enter the Physician, left.*)

Physician. My lord!

Duke (*lightly*). Well, how's our young besieger?

Physician. Sire?

Duke. What specters is she threatening me with now?
What bugaboos to force a stubborn parent?

Physician. No bugaboos, my lord.

Duke. You are too serious.

Physician. It seems the hour demands it.

Duke. Come, come. Laugh.
You must not trust her earnestness too much.
It is a children's ailment.

Physician. Sire, I fear—

Duke. Don't be so serious, man.

Physician. Ah, God in heaven,
She's dying!

Duke. What?

Physician. I can do nothing more.

Duke. What did you say?

Physician. She's flickering, like a lamp,
Burnt out.

Duke. You're a physician, and you say
This dying is no empty threat of hers?
She's—

Physician. She is dying.

Duke. Why! I must be mad.
This is against all reason! Men might die
For faith, conviction, men! But not young girls
Of sixteen years. You are absurd!

Physician. My Lord,
I would I were.

Duke. I do not understand—
You say—why, it's absurd! Youth may be strange
And from its dewy inexperience weave
Amazing webs of whim; but even youth
Would balk at perpetrating such a travesty
Of reason and of life. You are all wrong;
Or else in league with her to break my will.
Which is it?

Physician. Sire, I say what I have seen.

Duke. I do not understand the heart of youth.
If she had been the praying kind, a prig,
Worried about salvation, bigoted,
Mawkish, anæmic, anything except
The hearty, wholesome tomboy that she was,
Why, I might understand. A year ago,
One dusk, she saw a beautiful young nun
That's all the stimulus there is. That's all.
But something opens in her, something shuts,
And suddenly the devil boy is gone,
And she is all dreams, and deep-sparkling eyes,
Dreams, a long quarter-year; then, overnight,
A blaze of faith. I said, she is a child;
And laughed. She did not laugh. And I laughed more
To see the grief she did not try to hide
That I should sin against the Holy Ghost
By ridiculing what to her was holy.
I said, this fever will be over soon.
And now you say she's—dying?

Physician. So it seems.

Duke. I did not know that children of her age
Could feel so deeply. When they laugh, they laugh
So like the sunlight, so like running water,
So without any backward look toward pain,
I did not know that when they wept, their woe
Could tap the same cold, deep, eternal springs
That feed our older grief. I did not dream
Her spirit might be stronger than her flesh
And frown the body's youthful ardor down.
I grope in darkness. Youth bewilders me.
I cannot probe it, plumb it, comprehend
The meanings of the songs and silences
That shake its lovely temples into dust.
Dying, you say?

Physician (*with a helpless gesture*). My lord—

Duke. Bring her in here,
Where she can see what light the day has left
For a bewildered world.

Physician (*withdrawing*). I go. (*He crosses to extreme left.*)

Duke. Dear heaven!
What an unmotivated farce is life—
Unless indeed—Where is the holy man?

Physician (*returning*). They're bringing her, my lord.

Duke. Good. You may go.
(*The Physician bows and goes out back.*)
The holy man! Is he the answer? Ah!
(*Enter left, Althæa, Melissa, and four other Girls, attendants on the Princess Arabis, bearing a cot on which Arabis is lying. They set the cot down at left center, forward, and group themselves about it.*)

Arabis (*faintly*). It must be very late.

Duke. The sun has set.

Arabis. You promised that the holy man would come.

Duke. I sent for him. He was delayed, perhaps,

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And will still come.
Arabis. I fear he will not come.
Duke. I sent a page to meet him.
Arabis. Oh, I fear
The messenger forgot, or else the word
He bore from you lacked warmth. If the saint knew
How much I want him he would come, I know.
There is so much I want to ask of him.
I think that I could live, if I saw him,
And he could tell me how to make my way
Through this most difficult thicket. Why, it seemed
As though all weakness faded like the dark
At your mere word that he might come. The sun
Was high then. That was long ago. And now
The night comes on, and he has not yet come.
I'm hot and very tired.
You see, if Christ
Called, and I did not come, and up in heaven
My mother heard him call, and stood by him
Waiting for me to answer all night long—
Althæa. She's wandering again.
Arabis (*dreamily*). What did you say?
Althæa. Sleep, sleep, my Arabis.
Arabis. I can't. You know
Mother is weeping, for she hasn't heard
The sound of all sweet sounds she wants to hear.
And Christ is saying, "Never mind, don't cry,
She'll answer soon." But mother's half afraid
I never will—
Duke. Oh, child, you break my heart!
Arabis. I try to call and try to call, and can't.
(*The Page enters.*)
Page. My lord!
Duke. He's here?
Page. He's in the town, my lord.
Duke. Not here?
Althæa. Not here?
Arabis (*faintly*). Not here?
Page. He's on his way.
I dare say, any minute he'll be here.
Arabis. What did he say?—
Althæa. He's coming, Arabis!
Duke (*to Page*). Bring him up quickly when he comes.
(*Exit Page.*)
Althæa. The saint—
The holy man—he's coming.
Arabis (*with a long, glad sigh*). Oh!
Melissa. Listen!
Althæa. He'll just say, *Rise!* And you'll get on your feet.
Melissa. Listen! It won't be long before you'll hear
His footsteps now.
Althæa. Listen! Was that a step?
Melissa. First on the stair, then in the corridor—
Althæa. Then at the door—
Melissa. And then here in the room!
Arabis. Yes. And he'll cry, *Arise!*
Duke (*aside*). Oh, heart of youth!
Melissa. And you'll be up on your two feet again.
Arabis. And strong, you think?
Althæa. Of course. And with red cheeks.
Melissa. And all the hair you lost will come again
Just twice as beautiful. It's always so
In story-books.
Arabis (*dreamily*). I don't care about hair.
Althæa. Listen! I heard a knocking at the gate!
Arabis. I heard it, too!
Melissa. Listen! They've drawn the bolt! I heard it grate.
Althæa. There! Did you hear the chain?
Duke (*crossing swiftly to back*). Steps!
Melissa. On the stair!
Althæa. Louder and louder now!
Arabis (*faintly*). Steps!
Melissa. Oh, it's he!
Althæa. The holy man!
Arabis. Dear mother,
Help me to do my share.
Duke (*softly*). Good God, have mercy.
Page (*re-entering*). My lord, the holy man—
Duke. Let him come in.
Arabis. At last!
Melissa. Now in a minute you'll be well.
(*Rabelin, disguised, enters. The Page goes out. The Duke, Althæa, and Melissa fall on their knees.*)
Rabelin (*uncomfortably*). Please—please get up.
Duke (*kissing Rabelin's hand as he rises*). Father—
Rabelin (*awed*). Are you the Duke?
Duke. I am.
Rabelin. You know, you mustn't kiss my hand.
Duke. Forgive.
Rabelin. I will.
Althæa (*softly to Melissa*). A curious holy man.
Duke. Here is my daughter.
Rabelin (*approaching the cot*). Oh!
Duke. I think my page

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Told you our sorrow. Yet you seem surprised.
Rabelin (*softly*). She's very beautiful.
Duke. Without, within.
Her body is no fairer than her soul.
Arabis. I wish it were so.
Rabelin (*to Duke*). Wait outside the door.
(*The Duke retires to the right, Althæa and Melissa and Attendants to the left.*)
Arabis. You're very young. I thought all saints were old.
Rabelin. I'm—older—than I look.
Arabis. I'm glad.
Rabelin. But years
Don't count in matters of this kind, of course.
It's what we've learned from worry and the knocks
Of hard experience that counts, not years.
You'll understand when you have lived. Of course,
It's easy to be good, before you know
The fun of being wicked—
Arabis (*bewildered*). You are strange.
You say so much that I can't understand.
Rabelin. You're young. When you have lived—
Arabis. When I have lived,
It won't much matter, will it, what is said
On earth? For I will understand the words
The angels speak to one another in heaven,
And need no lesser understanding.
Rabelin. Still,
Experience—
Arabis. Oh, I am sick of words.
My head burns. Why are you so different
From what I dreamed?
Rabelin. How—different?
Arabis (*staring*). He's standing on the crystal wall of heaven
Telling my mother, "Wait. She will speak soon.
Listen. Above the roaring of the world
Can you not hear the voice of Arabis?"
I try to speak and can't. Oh, holy man,
Help me to speak!
Rabelin. She's very sick.
Arabis. Oh, mother!
Why can't I speak?
Rabelin (*in fear*). Suppose—
Arabis (*conscious again*). What did you say?
Rabelin (*relieved*). She's clear again!
Arabis. If I could see your eyes
I might gain strength. I feel so limp and weak.
It's always in the eyes God has his seat.
Perhaps, if I could look into your eyes—
Rabelin (*turning his head away, softly to himself*). What have I done?
Arabis. You will not let me look. (*She begins to weep softly.*)
Rabelin (*kneeling impetuously at her bedside*).
Don't cry. Forgive me. Oh, don't cry!
You wrench
The living heart right out of me. Don't cry.
Look in my eyes.
Arabis. I can't see, for these tears.
Rabelin. Oh, please don't cry.
Arabis. You are so different
From what I hoped and longed for. I was sure
The holy man who healed folk would heal me.
I did not wish to live until I heard
That you were near with healing in your eyes.
I knew how you would guide my strengthened feet.
And when I heard you on the stair, I said,
"One minute more and he will come, and stand
Beside my bed and lift his hands, and cry,
Arise! and I will rise, healed."—Such a dream!
Rabelin (*urgently*). Don't be afraid. I—know the way—it's done.
Of course, you shall be healed. (*Faintly, as he draws back.*)
Oh, close those eyes!
They burn into my conscience!
Arabis. I believe!
By God's dear grace, I know I can be healed.
Oh, I believe, believe, believe.
Rabelin (*aside*). Dear God!
I'll serve you ever after! Give me help!
Arabis. I know I can be healed.
Rabelin (*faintly, apprehensively*). Rise. You are healed!
Arabis (*with a glad cry*). Healed! (*She tries to raise herself, struggles and falls back, struggles upward again, and again falls back.*)
Give me strength! Oh, give me faith!
Rabelin (*prayerfully*). God! God!
Arabis (*with a last supreme effort*). Mother! If you could only hear me, hear—(*she falls back, unconscious*).
Rabelin (*flinging himself on his knees beside her*).
What is it? Are you tired? Are you asleep?
What is it? Speak! Oh, answer, answer! Speak!
Oh, do not lie so silent and so white!
Your cheek is cold. Your hand is cold and limp.
Arabis! princess! Princess Arabis!
Oh, beautiful sweet flower, Arabis!
The last tears that she shed are not yet dry
Upon her cheek. Oh, wake! Why do you sleep

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So soundly? Wake. (*He shakes her gently.*)
Oh, wake! I beg. Oh, wake!
I see my sin! You've punished me enough,
Sweet Arabis. Forgive. Relent. Relent!
Oh, punish me no more with those closed eyes,
Those cold, limp hands! She's fainted.
(*Calling*). Some one! Help!
(*Enter the Duke, right.*)
Duke. What is it?
Rabelin. Water! Quick! Some one bring water!
Duke (*kneeling beside the bed*). She's dead!
Rabelin. No, no, not that, not that!
(*Althæa and Melissa enter left. Althæa brings water.*)
Althæa. Here's water!
(*They bathe Arabis's face.*)
Duke. What have you done? What evil—
Rabelin. No, no, no!
Nothing! She lives. She's tired. That's all. She sleeps.
Althæa. I cannot hear her heart beat.
Melissa. Is she dead?
Rabelin. No, no! She shall be healed. She shall rise up. (*On his knees in pleading prayer.*)
Dear God! Forgive. Forgive. Make her rise up.
I did not mean such wickedness. Ah, God,
I did not mean it. I'll be good! I swear.
Humble and good. Oh, this time, save me, God!
I thought, I really thought that I could heal.
If I deceived, oh, I deceived myself
As well as her. Oh, heal her, God! I'll pray
Until you must relent. Oh, you'll not wreck
Two lives for one impulsive moment. I—
Just did not understand. I was not bad.
Just vain and proud.
Duke (*at left, motioning the Handmaidens outside*). Bear her into her chamber.
(*The Handmaidens enter.*)
Rabelin. Not yet. (*At the bedside.*)
Sweet Arabis, shake off that slumber.
You are so beautiful, you must be kind.
Surely behind your beautiful white face
Are mercy and relenting. Wake, oh, wake!
I did not mean to wrong you. Oh, be merciful!
Wake! Wake! She does not stir—she's—
Oh! she's—look!—(*staggering backwards*).
Fra Angelo! Fra Angelo! Fra Angelo!
I need you!
Duke (*rigid and cold*). Bear the princess to her chamber.
Rabelin (*clutching the Duke's arm*). Send for Fra Angelo! Cry through the streets.
Send for the holy man.
Duke. Why, what are you?
Rabelin (*flinging off his cowl*). I am a sham, a fraud, a murderer!
Duke (*retreating in horror*). Oh, base, base, base!
(*The Handmaidens surge indignantly toward Rabelin.*)
Let no one touch the man.
There are diseases of the soul in him
Who cheats in God's name. Go! I have no sword
To reach the depths where those diseases root.
Go! Let the earth unclose and cover you.
I will not stain my sword with sulphur. Go!
(*The Duke goes out, left, followed by Althæa, Melissa, and the other Handmaidens, bearing Arabis.*)
Rabelin (*stumbling after them*). Not all, all base. I swear it. Arabis!
(*He falls down and remains lying in an attitude of lifeless despair. Althæa appears left.*)
Althæa (*calling*). Physician! Come! Physician! Oh, where is he? (*She crosses to the back and calls.*)
Page! Page!
(*The Page enters back.*)
Page. Yes, lady?
Althæa. Run. Fetch the physician.
(*The Page disappears again. Althæa crosses to the left and goes out.*)
Rabelin (*flinging himself over on his back*). What have I done? (*Pause.*) Oh, God! What have I done?
(*The Physician enters back and swiftly crosses and disappears left.*)
Who's that? He's gone. To her, perhaps. To her.
If only I could wash out of my eyes
The look she gave me. Oh, the heights and deeps
Of that reproach! It was as though she cried,
"I wanted strength, and you had none to give me.
I wanted God, and you had only words."
The sorrow in her eyes. The pain!
(*Althæa re-enters, left.*)
Althæa (*calling*). Lights! (*Crossing to back.*) Lights!
Rabelin (*clutching Althæa's dress*). Has she awaked?
Althæa (*startled*). Who's there?
Rabelin. Has she awaked?
Althæa. No.
Rabelin. Oh!

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Althæa. Poor boy!

(*Exit.*)

Rabelin. Oh, God! (*Pause.*) Dear God!
I really thought that I could heal. Forgive.
I did not know that men must heal themselves
Before they dare stretch out their hands to heal
The other sick. I know now. Oh, I know!

(*Pages appear carrying torches that flare and flame eerily in the gathering dusk. They cross the stage and go out left.*)

Forgive! See, I am punished. You have whipped
My spirit, God, my heart, with a barbed whip.
I'll not be proud again, or vain, or stubborn.
I'll serve, I'll learn, I'll labor. You shall know—

(*He rises to his feet with a sudden consciousness of new strength and resolution.*)

God, you shall know you need teach Rabelin
That lesson—only once.

(*He stands upright, victorious. Enter, right, Fra Angelo.*)

Fra Angelo. You called. I came.
Rabelin (*without turning*). I knew that you would come.
Fra Angelo. Why, yes, of course.
A friend comes when he's called.
Rabelin (*deeply stirred*). A friend?
Fra Angelo (*taking Rabelin's two hands in his and looking deep into his eyes*). A friend.

(*Rabelin sinks slowly down at Fra Angelo's feet. Fra Angelo lays his hands gently on the boy's head.*)

If there are any shades in God's deep love
I do believe his deepest love goes out
To the tormented, irresponsible,
Gay, eager, burning, foolish heart of youth.

(*He drops his hands; Rabelin remains motionless. Fra Angelo crosses softly to the left and goes out. In the distance, the Choir of the Cathedral may be heard again chanting. From the left, Pages, bearing torches, stumble in, startled.*)

A Page. Who—who was that?

(*The Physician enters, confused.*)

Physician. Who was it?
Page. *I* don't know.

(*The Duke enters, followed a moment later by Althæa and Melissa and the other Attendants, all in more or less confusion.*)

Duke. Strange!
Physician. Do you know him, sire?
Duke. I could not tell.
The place was dark.
Physician. I stood beside the bed.
He came into the room and looked at me—
Duke. My tongue was lamed that tried to challenge him.
His eyes—
Althæa. His eyes!
Melissa. His wonderful, deep eyes!
Physician (*awed*). Sire, was that—Death?
Duke. Strange, strange! But no—not Death!
Rabelin (*with a cry of understanding*). The stars are out. That's why he's strange. The stars!
Duke. You! You here?
Rabelin. Yes—
Duke (*to Pages*). Seize him. Take him away! Take him away before I murder him. Take him away—
Althæa. Look!
Melissa. Heaven!
Duke. What's that—white thing?

(*The Pages who have laid hands on Rabelin retreat with confused exclamations. The Duke, Physician, Althæa, Melissa, Torch-Bearers, and Handmaidens stand huddled in an amazed group, in center stage. Out of the dusk at left appears Arabis, looking very slender and white, and moves slowly toward Rabelin. He steps aside startled. The Others cry out and retreat stumblingly before her.*)

Arabis. Don't run away from me. I'm not a ghost.

(*The Group draws back yet farther, in panic.*)

He said, *Awake!* and I awoke. He said,
Arise! and like a new, fresh wind
Life seemed to fill my sails, and I—came forth.
Duke. God pity me. My child. My poor, dead child!
Arabis. Don't say such things. I'm really not a ghost.
Touch me. I am alive! I'm strong; I'm well!
Physician. It is her ghost.
Althæa. Poor Arabis!
Arabis. Oh, dear!
Has no one faith enough to think that God
Could raise a sick girl up?
Rabelin (*who has been watching her, spellbound with wonder and growing ecstasy*). Yes. Yes. Yes.

(*He goes toward her with slow, hesitating steps and fixed eyes.*)

See. *I* believe. I knew that you would live.

(*Touching his heart.*)

In here I knew. When God sent me my friend,
I knew that he forgave, and you would live.
Arabis (*tenderly*). You? Who are you?
Rabelin. I did an evil thing.

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Arabis. Oh, I remember now. And yet—and yet—
You do not look as though your heart were base.
I scarce remember what you did to me.
I only know, in some black desert, hung
Between the stars and earth, you gave me pain.
But that is past, and worse things I'd forgive,
Because you knew that I was not a ghost.
To think a boy would know more than all these!
Rabelin (*kneeling before her*). Oh, lady, let me serve you.
Arabis (*with childlike eagerness*). Why, indeed.
I'll tell my father. He must make a place
For you somewhere, so we can talk together
Of many things I dream of and half see,
Things you'll be glad to hear about, I know,
For you have friendly eyes.
(*She chatters on, absorbed. The others draw nearer as they slowly realize that she is actually alive.*)
A thousand things!
My head's just full of things to talk about.
I want to know what you think about life
And God and convents. Do you know, I think
That one can serve the Lord in other ways
Than in a nunnery.
Duke. Child, it is you!
Althæa (*touching Arabis timidly*). She's real.
Melissa. She's living!
Arabis. Why, of course, of course!
But it is strange to be back in the world.
Where is the holy man?
Duke. Go. Bring him here.
(*The Physician goes out left.*)
Rabelin (*to Duke*). Forgive me.
Duke (*giving him his hand*). Yes. I do forgive you.
Arabis (*crying sharply*). Oh!
Duke. What is it? Speak.
Arabis (*mysteriously*). He is not in my room.
I felt a gentle wind blow through my heart.
He's gone.
Physician (*re-entering*). He is not there.
Duke. Not in the room?
Arabis (*softly*). There is no door but this!
Rabelin. Not in the room?
Althæa. Not in the room?
Melissa. Not in the room?
Physician. He's gone.
Duke (*to Physician*). The windows there are barred. There's no way out
But this, but this, no way but through this room!
If you say, he's not there—
Arabis (*awestruck*). Who—was—he?
Duke. Yes. Who—was—he?
Rabelin. Why, my friend, of course! My friend! (*Grasping a torch.*)
Come! Come! We'll find him!
Arabis. Take me with you!
Duke. Lights!
(*They surge forth with their torches into the night.*)
Rabelin. Come! (*More distantly.*) Come!
(*From afar off, but clearly, like a challenge.*)
Come!
(*Numberless torches appear, following Rabelin up the steep incline and out of sight. From a distance the Cathedral Choir may be heard again, singing first softly, then more and more triumphantly, until the swelling music of the hymn dominates all other sounds, finally drowning out even Rabelin's distant call.*)
Come! Come! Come!

HYMN

Out of pain and black disaster,
Hear our voices, mighty Master!
Fires of hell rise round and sear us,
Lord in love and pity, hear us!
War and torment roar, assailing,
Sick with sorrow, earth is wailing.
Trampled, broken, bleeding, dying,
Lord, for Thee our hearts are crying!

Lord, in pride we scorned to heed Thee,
Boasting, "God, we do not need Thee!
We, to whom all earth is given,
What have we to ask of Heaven?
Soaring, delving, warring, slaying,
What have we to do with praying?"
Lord, forgive the mad words spoken.
Lord, behold! Our pride is broken.

Lord, with hearts abrased and burning,
See, Thy beaten sons returning!
Blind with smoke and bent with grieving,
Hungry, tattered—but believing!
See, we gather round about Thee,
Failures, failures, Lord, without Thee!
Take us, Lord. These hands, O take them!
Breathe upon our souls and wake them.

Lord, we fell in our defiance.
Look! With Thee we stand as giants!
Lord, we perished, burning, rending,
Lord, with Thee is battle's ending!
Lord, with Thee, the darkness dwindles,
Lord, with Thee, the daylight kindles.
Lord, we faint without Thee. Feed us!
Lord, we fail without Thee. Lead us!
Lord, lead on!
Lord, lead on!

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BIG BUSINESS JUNIOR IN AMERICA

BY THEODORE H. PRICE

Many young Americans, and some older ones, frequently complain that all the big things were done during their fathers' generation; that the country is now developed; that the great opportunities are gone or are pre-empted by the corporations; and that he who is not born within the charmed circle of wealth is doomed to mediocrity and obscurity, no matter how great his ability and industry.

This is not true. Within the past decade at least four, and perhaps five, new forms of big business have grown up in the United States. Each of them is Nation-wide in its scope, employs armies of men and women, and performs an important public service in that it contributes to the comfort, enjoyment, or economy of life.

They have made thousands of men rich and scores of men millionaires, and have provided distinguished careers for many who are still young and were unknown youths when they grasped the opportunities that always exist for the observant, optimistic, and courageous. Doubtless the next ten years will offer many other novel openings for the young men who are now entering upon the business of life. To encourage them to look for such chances this and the succeeding three articles are written.

They will deal briefly with the history and probable future of four departments of Big Business Junior in America, by which is meant the business or industries which, though young, have become sufficiently stabilized and standardized to attract general public investment in their securities and National enough in their scope to be recognized as outstanding and permanent parts of our economic fabric.

These four groups are the automobile business, the mail order business, the five and ten cent stores, and the business of manufacturing and distributing artificial ice.

The magnitude of the last-named industry is not generally known, and it is not, therefore, as well organized as the others, but it is destined to occupy an exceedingly important place among the agencies that serve American life, especially in the South, and will be dealt with in that aspect.

It would perhaps be proper to include "moving pictures" among the Big Business Youngsters of America, but they may almost be said to speak for themselves, and it would be supererogation to write about them.—T. H. P.

THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY

THE automobile industry is so young that almost every one knows the outstanding facts of its history.

The dream of a self-propelled vehicle is almost prehistoric. Homer sang of it and some of the Biblical writers evidently had visions of such a conveyance, but it is less than a century since the steam locomotive first made it possible for man to move over the surface of the earth faster than the horse could carry him, and it was not until about 1845, or seventy years ago, that the railway commenced to displace the stage-coach commercially.

To-day the world's railways represent an investment of $58,695,209,664. They carry 3,047,818,483 passengers and 1,880,218,118 tons of freight annually, for which it is estimated they receive $6,000,000,000 a year.

Before the advent of the railways the United States Government was committed to the policy of constructing post roads at the expense of the Nation to facilitate the rapid movement of mail coaches, and several such roads were actually built.

One which still survives in a fairly good state of preservation runs across the Alleghanies from Washington to Pittsburgh via Harrisburgh, and the ruins of others, built either by the States or the Federal Govern-

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ment, are still to be discerned in New England and New York.

It is unlikely that the railways would have come into existence at all if the gasoline engine and the modern automobile had been invented before the steam locomotive.

The building of post roads would have continued and the modern motor carriage and truck operated over a clear and well-built road would probably have been developed to transport passengers and freight quite as cheaply and expeditiously as the railways do to-day.

It is indeed quite thinkable that sixty years from now freight, even on long hauls, will be carried more cheaply by a motor truck than it is to-day by rail, for all terminal rehandling and expense might be avoided, and the goods could be delivered directly from the consignor to the consignee.

This may be regarded as a rather visionary view of both the past and future, but when we consider that it is only seventeen years since Alexander Winton succeeded in selling the first American-made automobile for $1,000 to Robert Allison, of Port Carbon, Pennsylvania, and compare the single-cylinder phaeton for which this money was paid with the five-ton truck or the forty-passenger motor bus of to-day, the idea that the steam-horse, like its four-footed predecessor, may soon become archaic does not seem so impossible. Some railway men recognize that such a change is already in progress.

In his annual report, recently published, Chairman Kruttschnitt, of the Southern Pacific Railway, chronicles a reduction of forty-one per cent in passenger earnings, and says: "This reduction has been increased by serious inroads made upon local railroad travel by automobile competition, which the improvement of the highways has encouraged and rapidly developed."

In the same connection it is to be noticed that W. D. Guthrie, counsel for the Interborough system of New York, at a recent hearing before the municipal authorities of the city, protested against giving a franchise to the New York Motor Bus Company because the operation of motor buses in Manhattan would throw the street railways into bankruptcy.

In many parts of the country the urban and interurban trolley lines are complaining of the competition of the jitneys, and, while this seems likely to be short-lived, many omnibus lines are springing up that serve the public just as conveniently as the trolleys and cost much less to maintain.

These facts are mentioned as suggesting the revolution in transportation that the development of the automobile has made possible. Whether it will come to pass depends in a great measure upon the automobile manufacturers themselves.

Every mile of good road constructed increases the efficiency of the automobile as a commercial vehicle; but thus far the main business of most manufacturers has been the production of the so-called pleasure car.

The American motto of "business first and pleasure afterward" has been reversed, and of 703,527 motor vehicles manufactured during the twelve months ending June 30, 1915, it is said that all but about 30,000 were passenger cars.

For the year ending June 30, 1916, a production of 1,000,000 cars is predicted, which includes an estimated output of not over 40,000 commercial vehicles exclusive of those manufactured for the armies of Europe, which have learned that the automobile and the motor truck are indispensable in modern warfare. The war has, in fact, opened up an entirely new field for the motor truck, and as a means of moving troops rapidly it has almost entirely displaced the horse.

During the recent encampment at Plattsburgh, New York, it was demonstrated that three motor trucks could move a "war strength company" of light artillery with three guns and their equipment an average of about seventy-five miles a day.

The following figures will give some idea of the growth of the motor car business in the United States:

The production since 1899 has been (year ending June 30) as follows:

(Passenger and Commercial)

Year.	Number.	Value.	Average.
1899.....	3,700	4,750,000	$1,284
1903.....	11,000	12,650,000	1,150
1904.....	21,700	30,000,000	1,382
1905.....	25,000	40,000,000	1,600
1906.....	34.000	62,900,000	1,850
1907.....	44,000	93,400,000	2,123
1908.....	85,000	137,800,000	1,621
1909.....	126,500	164,200,000	1,298
1910.....	187,000	225,000,000	1,203
1911.....	210,000	262,500,000	1,250
1912.....	378,000	378,000,000	1,000
1913.....	485,000	425,000,000	877
1914.....	515,000	485,000,000	940
1915.....	703,527	573,000,000	814
Total for 14 years..	2,829,427	$2,894,200,000	$1,023

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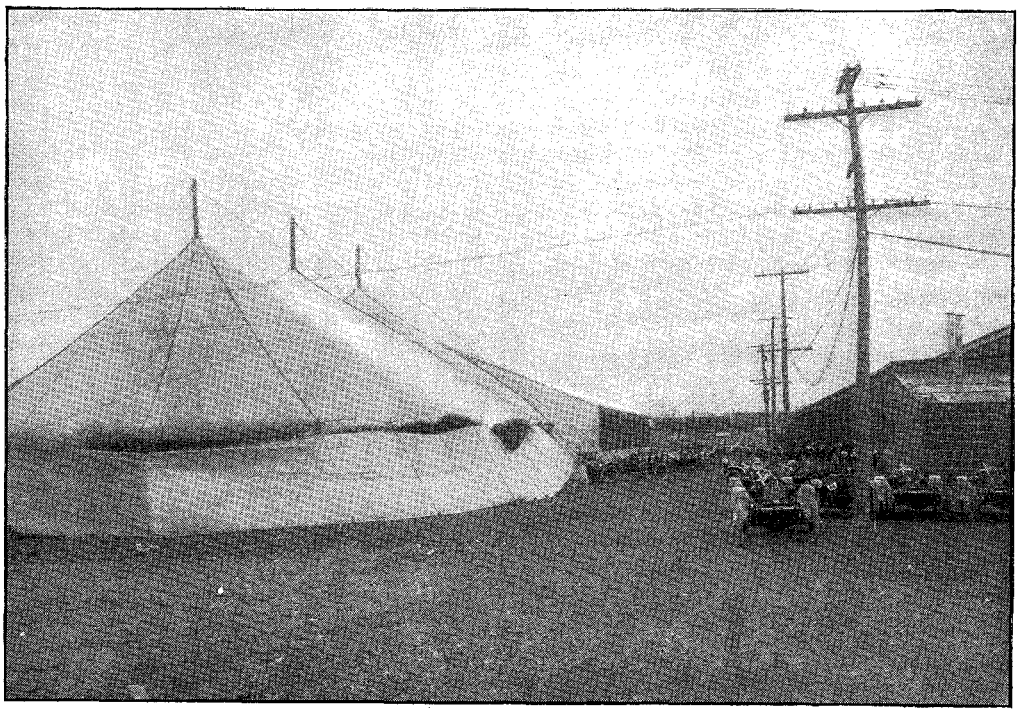
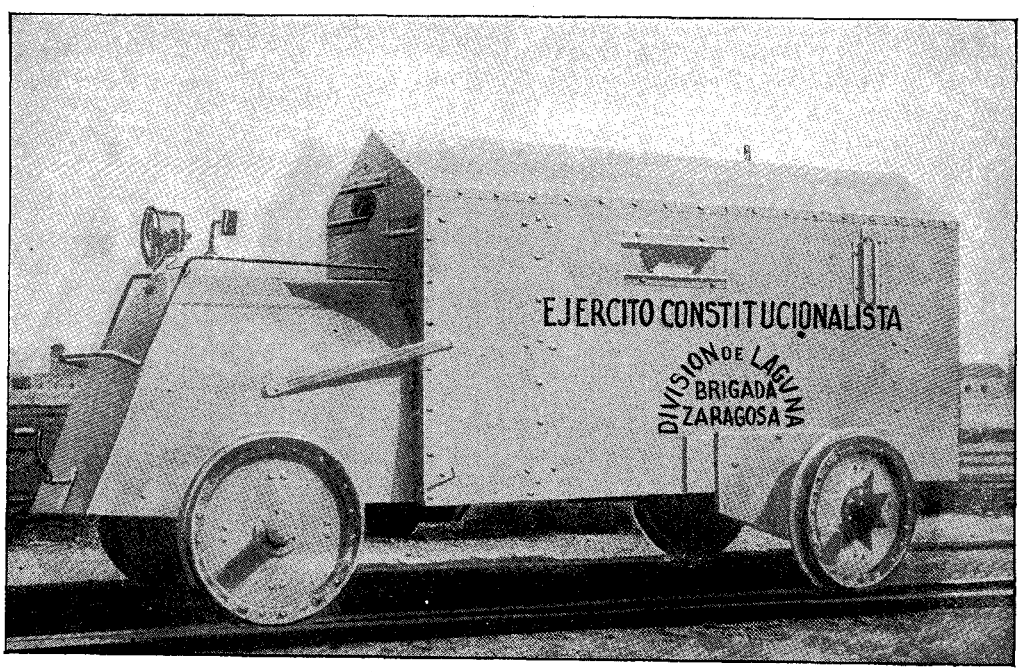


MAKING AUTOMOBILES IN TENTS—NO TIME TO BUILD FACTORIES!

The immense demand for automobiles and the shifts to which manufacturers have had to resort in order to meet this demand are indicated in the above picture. It shows huge tents which have been erected in Cleveland for assembling automobiles, the company which put them up having had no time to erect new buildings to accommodate its increased business



A WAR AUTOMOBILE ADAPTED FOR EITHER RAILWAY OR ROAD USE

This armored car carries machine guns, and has portholes for using them against a foe. By quick adjustment the wheels can be changed for highway use. This car was used by General Villa in his campaigns in northern Mexico against Huerta, and figured actively in many battles. It is patterned after the armored war cars in the service of the Russian, French, and German armies

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Of this production there was exported in 1914 and 1915:

1914	Number.	Value.
Commercial cars	784	$1,181,611
Passenger cars	28,306	25,392,963
Tires		3,505,267
Engines		1,391,893
Parts		6,624,232
		$38,095,966

1915	Number.	Value.
Commercial cars	13,996	$39,140,682
Passenger cars	23,880	21,113,963
Tires		4,963,270
Engines		1,405,337
Parts		7,853,180
		$74,476,422

The following statement of interesting facts in connection with the automobile business in the United States has been furnished by a trade authority:

Fully one-half the cars sold during the last year were bought by farmers and others living in rural communities.

In the four years from 1911 to 1915 the number of cars registered in the ten grain States—Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Kansas and Oklahoma—increased from 130,000 to 560,000, and one-half of them are owned by farmers, who paid $250,000,000 for them.

There are 30,000 automobile dealers, garages, repair shops, supply houses, and charging stations in the country. These include 19,500 dealers, 17,800 garages, 6,500 repair shops, and 1,000 stores that make automobile supplies their principal business.

More than 2,000,000 motor cars were registered in the various States in July, 1915.

Fully 13,000,000 barrels of gasoline and 10,000,000 gallons of lubricating oil are consumed annually in automobiles.

Shipments of automobiles during the first eight months of 1915 amounted to 109,821 freight-car loads.

More than twelve million dollars were paid into State treasuries during 1914 in automobile registration fees, owners' and chauffeurs' licenses. The average payment per car was more than $7.

In Michigan in 1913 22.2 per cent of the wage-earners in industrial plants were employed in automobile factories, retail stores, or other establishments having some relation to the automobile industry. More than 90,000 were so employed.

Many allied industries are wholly or in part dependent upon the continued prosperity of the automobile manufacturers. There are upwards of twelve hundred parts and accessory manufacturers who employ several hundred thousand persons, and whose output aggregates hundreds of millions of dollars annually. No accurate or even approximate data on this branch of the industry will be available until the United States Census for the year 1914 has been completed and published.

The first cost of a car is only a fraction of the amount spent on it by the motorist during the several years he operates it. Each year he spends fully half as much as the purchase price to operate and maintain it, and most of this amount is spent locally. Supplies to run the car and accessories are bought locally. These include gasoline, oil, tires, raincoats, dusters, gloves, robes, tools, etc.

Every automobile that is not stored in a public garage is either housed in a barn or in a small private garage. Many of these garages are built of material bought from the local dealer, and all are erected by local labor.

The $12,000,000 to $15,000,000 paid for automobile registration, driving licenses, etc., is spent on road repairs and construction, which are local improvements made largely by local labor.

It is estimated that not less than six thousand tourist cars made the trip from east of the Mississippi to California this summer. They averaged three persons to the car, spent $20 per day on the average, and averaged thirty-five days for the trip, making a total of $4,200,000 expended along the routes.

During the past year it is estimated that more than six million dollars was spent by tourists in the New England States alone, according to a statement made by the railways at the Hotel Men's Association meeting in New England.

Two-thirds of this amount was spent in hotels and from twenty-five per cent to thirty per cent in garages, repair shops, and accessory shops.

The "Automobile Trade Journal" estimates the total expenditure incidental to automobile ownership somewhat differently, as follows:

Gasoline	$145,000,000
Lubricating oil	19,000,000
Tires	143,000,000
Insurance and licenses	70,000,000
Touring expenses, repairs, and sundries	200,000,000
Total direct expenditure	$577,000,000

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These figures seem to justify the claim that the automobile business is the fourth American industry in importance, and the problem that confronts those who are engaged in it is how to direct its further development.

This problem is a dual one, and has both an objective and a subjective side. There is, first, a question as to whether it is wise and safe to assume that the demand for passenger cars will continue to increase as it has in the past, and to manufacture and advertise accordingly, or better to calculate upon the popularization of the commercial vehicle, thus far so little used except in the larger cities. As far as one may judge from conversation with many of the leading manufacturers, they are confident that the country, and especially the agricultural districts, are still insufficiently supplied with passenger cars and that the demand that is developed with each $25 reduction in price, plus the renewal demand, will absorb all the pleasure vehicles that can be produced within the next few years.

They figure that there are 5,500,000 persons in the United States with incomes of $1,200 or over, of whom 3,225,000 have incomes of $1,800 or over.

They calculate that the low-priced automobile is now measurably in reach of all of the latter class, and that within a few years it can be produced at a price which will make it possible and economical for any family that has an income of as much as $1,000 to "own a machine."

Now that women have learned to run automobiles, it is maintained that a car costing not more than $400 is an economical investment for every family that pays as much as twenty cents a day car fare or travels a minimum of five miles a day in the country.

There is much force in this argument, especially when it is considered that the ownership of a car is a badge of prosperity that gratifies American pride, and that the transportation provided is infinitely speedier and more comfortable than the street car or the buggy.

In regard to the commercial vehicle most manufacturers are opportunists. They admit the efficiency of the motor truck or wagon for intense traffic in the larger cities, but most of them doubt whether the demand for it is as yet sufficiently broad to admit of large profits through "quantity" production.

They do not believe that the low-priced, economical, and fool-proof wagon suitable for casual use in small towns or on the farms has as yet been developed, and they are waiting for some one to produce it.

When this has been done, an enormous business is certain to be created, and the greatest opportunity in the trade for young men is probably in this direction. So much for the objective side of the problem. The subjective side is rather more obscure. There are about two hundred major and a hundred minor concerns engaged in manufacturing automobiles in the United States.

There are a host of other establishments making tires, bodies, parts, and accessories of various kinds.

Much wasteful competition is inevitable. Much of this waste is in advertising, selling, commissions, the repurchase of old cars, and uncontrolled price cutting. Under such conditions the centripetal force which results in combination has hitherto asserted itself in almost every large American industry.

The automobile manufacturers have been most progressive in applying what may be called the negative form of this force. The more important concerns are all members of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, which is a truly remarkable organization in the liberal spirit by which it is directed.

One of its members has described it as promoting "co-operative competition," and the description is deserved.

Through it each member is advised quarterly of the number of cars produced and sold by every other member and of various other details of his competitors' business that will enable him more intelligently to direct his own.

A very remarkable provision of the organization is the "Cross Licensing Agreement," which covers an arrangement by which the members are bound to exchange free licenses under all their motor vehicle patents except design patents, certain patents on trucks, fire engines, ambulances, etc., and future basic patents of a revolutionary character developed within the members' organization. This agreement expires in 1925.

It is unique in the co-operative spirit it expresses, and might well be copied in many industries in which useless patent litigation absorbs both energy and money. In the same spirit the members of the Chamber of Commerce are co-operating for research work, in the standardization of parts, and in all

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matters pertaining to the betterment of the automobile and the improvement of roads.

To-day they are endeavoring to bring about the adoption of a uniform 56-inch tread. It is claimed that the resulting economy in manufacture will be $1,250,000 a year and that the cost of cars will be reduced by that amount.

As long as the margin of profit per car was kept large by the constant reduction in cost which this co-operation has made possible, there was no urgent need for closer combination in manufacture and distribution.

Latterly, however, some of the more enterprising leaders of the trade have come to believe that overhead charges could be reduced and production and profits increased and stabilized by applying the principle of combination in so far as the Sherman Law permits.

The plethora of money, the general prosperity of the industry, and the prevailing optimism with regard to the future of this country have made it easy to finance such combinations, and two or three important groups have already been successfully brought together. For almost the first time in their history, the stocks of automobile companies have become popular investments and large profits have accrued to their owners.

Whether the movement is economically and commercially sound is the question that is now agitating the minds of many heads in an industry that is captained by an unusually brainy lot of men. Almost every engineer in the business will admit that in theory co-ordination will save energy and reduce "lost motion," but in dealing with the human equation many of them fear that enthusiasm will disappear with the submergence of the individual in a huge corporation.

Probably a mean between the two extremes will be reached that will result in the economic grouping of industry in corporations that will be large enough to secure the benefits of combination and yet not so large as to dehumanize their working force.

This seems inevitable, for the development of the automobile promises to affect American life socially, politically, and financially quite as profoundly as the railways have affected it, and such a ponderous force cannot be intelligently directed by a multitude of little agencies.

Just as nearly all the smaller railways of the country have gradually been absorbed in one of the great trunk lines, to the advantage of both the public and the investor, so the various integers of the automobile industry are likely to be allocated in the not distant future.

The necessity for self-preservation as well as the precedents of economic law suggest this conclusion, for with the industry in its present condition the wreck that a year or two of hard times would cause among the many who had not combined their credit and resources for self-protection would carry down the strong as well as the weak companies.

I had intended to close this article with a brief tribute to the ten men, living or dead, who, in the opinion of their colleagues, were most distinguished in their service to the automobile industry.

To that end I wrote an identical letter to many of the important members of the trade, asking them to name the ten men that they would put upon this roll of honor. As a result, I am supplied with so many names that I cannot publish any.

The entire list would have no significance. To omit any of the names furnished me would be invidious. To be entitled to a place in the American Hall of Fame one must have been dead at least ten years. The rule is undoubtedly a wise one, and will no doubt be applied to the Hall of Fame of the automobile industry. Fortunately it is a young industry and most of the men in it are young and very much alive.

For the present, therefore, its Hall of Fame must remain unoccupied, but "there is glory enough to go round" for the many whose contemporaries think they are entitled to share it.

Among all the men named there is only one who is mentioned as not among the living.

He is S. T. Davis, Jr., the first President of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce and of the Locomobile Company. He was, so I am informed, an enthusiastic advocate of the remarkable spirit of co-operation that the Chamber of Commerce stands for, and I am sure that all the members of the industry will join me in doing honor to his memory.

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THE NEW SCHOOL

BY JOYCE KILMER

The halls that were loud with the merry tread of young and careless feet
Are still with a stillness that is too drear to seem like holiday,
And never a gust of laughter breaks the calm of the dreaming street
Or rises to shake the ivied walls and frighten the doves away.

The dust is on book and on empty desk, and the tennis-racquet and balls
Lie still in their lonely locker and wait for a game that is never played,
And over the study and lecture-room and the river and meadow falls
A stern peace, a strange peace, a peace that War has made.

For many a youthful shoulder now is gay with an epaulet,
And the hand that was deft with a cricket-bat is defter with a sword,
And some of the lads will laugh to-day where the trench is red and wet,
And some will win on the bloody field the accolade of the Lord.

They have taken their youth and mirth away from the study and playing-ground
To a new school in an alien land beneath an alien sky;
Out in the smoke and roar of the fight their lessons and games are found,
And they who were learning how to live are learning how to die.

And after the golden day has come and the war is at an end
A slab of bronze on the chapel wall will tell of the noble dead.
And every name on that radiant list will be the name of a friend,
A name that shall through the centuries in grateful prayers be said.

And there will be ghosts in the old school, brave ghosts with laughing eyes,
On the field with a ghostly cricket-bat, by the stream with a ghostly rod;
They will touch the hearts of the living with a flame that sanctifies,
A flame that they took with strong young hands from the altar-fires of God.

BY ORDER OF THE PEOPLE

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

For what, in the sight of Heaven, do the young soldiers die—
The flower of France and England—think you they know not why?
On the stormy floods of battle like straws their lives are tost,
That the rule of the just free peoples be not forever lost.

And we, who have wrought our freedom, see we no sign, no light?
Shall the reek of carnage blind us to the white star of right?
Where are the souls of our fathers, full-statured men, who saw
That Christ, who died for the people, had left to the world a Law?

This is the law to bind us, when sense and self go wild,—
That the sword be strong for mercy, that the shield be over the child,
That the great eternal standards ride high above the strife,
And the soul of a mighty people be dearer than blood or life.

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BY THE WAY

Many householders in our big cities, who are beginning to struggle with the furnace problem, with its accompaniments of ashes and overheated or underheated rooms, must read this statement from Governor Alexander, of Idaho, with envy: "In Rupert, Burley, Hayburn, Twin Falls, and other sage-brush towns, more than fifty per cent of all the houses are not only wired for lighting, but are electrically heated also."

The "law's delays" have a striking illustration in the suit over the construction of the battle-ship Massachusetts. The suit is said to have been instituted by the builders more than twenty years ago; it has just come before the United States Supreme Court. Meanwhile the ship has been retired and lies unused in the Philadelphia Navy-Yard.

"Good Health" suggests a new way of wooing sleep for sufferers from insomnia: Put a sheet of paper and a pencil near your pillow. With the pencil make a mark on the paper every time you draw a deep breath. The deep breathing itself helps to induce sleep; the slight motion of the arm concentrates the attention and produces muscle-weariness, which together soon bring the desired relief.

A recent addition to the vocabulary of the emotional writer is chronicled by the "Writer" in this quotation from a magazine story: "When Casey came to himself again he was lying on a bed—where, he knew not. He was conscious only that Marian, her face tear-stained and very near his own, was kneeling beside it. 'Well?' he husked." Husked! One would like to hear Dr. Samuel Johnson's comments on such a word if he had had to deal with it as a dictionary-maker.

The lure of the stage has, it is announced, brought the one-time famous actress Mary Anderson again before the footlights—the expression is perhaps incorrect, for footlights are apparently not used in the movies, and it is in the picture drama alone that this noted actress, once considered "the most beautiful woman on the stage," will now be seen by her old-time admirers.

William Wallace Spence, of Baltimore, who died recently at the age of 100 years and 13 days, is said to have determined early in life that he would live to be a centenarian. He was a man of wonderful determination, and will power no doubt helped him to realize his ambition in this respect. In other ways also Mr. Spence was a notable man. He came to America with $100, but amassed a large fortune and spent it for the public good.

"Wanted—Ethical position as assistant; registered in Ohio. Address," etc. This advertisement, found in "Oral Hygiene," might puzzle those who are uninitiated in the mysteries of dental practice. Interpreted, it means, we are informed, that the applicant desires a position in the office of a dentist who does not advertise.

The remarkable inventions of an ingenious Spaniard, Señor L. Torres y Quevado, are described in the "Scientific American" for November 6. Among them is an automaton chess-player which "protests" if its human opponent fails to play fairly, and, if he proves obdurate on warning, finally stops altogether. Señor Torres's work is so highly valued by the Spanish Government that it grants him a generous subsidy in furtherance of his inventions, which cover many fields.

Mark Twain's connection with the printing industry is interestingly described in the "American Printer," from the days when he was an itinerant typesetter (his first job when his wanderings brought him to New York City, it is stated, was in the composing-room of Gray & Green, the predecessor of the William Green Corporation, the present printers of The Outlook) to the time when he was the financial head of the firm of Charles L. Webster & Co. As a compositor he was glad to earn $15 a week; when publisher his firm paid to Mrs. Grant, from the profits on General Grant's "Memoirs," $450,000.

"On what do you base your assertion that country people are brighter and more intelligent than city people, Hy?" asked the summer boarder. "Why, right here in my almanac," replied Farmer Meders, according to "Judge," "it says in the cities the population is a lot denser than in the rural districts."

"Match Caused 13 Deaths" is the laconic headline of an account of a tenement fire in New York. The hall lamp, which was supposed to be kept burning all night, was extinguished at ten o'clock by the janitor under orders from the landlord, the account states. A belated lodger lit a match to find his way, carelessly threw away the match-end, some rubbish was ignited—and the tragedy followed. Who was most to blame, the careless match-lighter or the miserly landlord? Probably the answer must be left for the decision of the Great Assize.

Cows, apparently, cannot be herded on the "moral suasion" plan. A farmer writes to the "Rural New Yorker" complaining that his imported Scotch collie dogs are too gentle with the stock. These dogs, he says, are very bright and intelligent, and would make good stock dogs if they would only bite his cows "enough to make the cows afraid of them." The dogs are probably hereditarily disposed not to bite their charges, collies having been for generations accustomed to herd sheep. Their indisposition to attack the cows ought to go to their credit as being genuine collies.

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